DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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FREE POSTCARDS: MORE OF SET 2

PHILIP HINCHCLIFFE

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH DOCTOR WHO'S 'GOTHIC' PRODUCER

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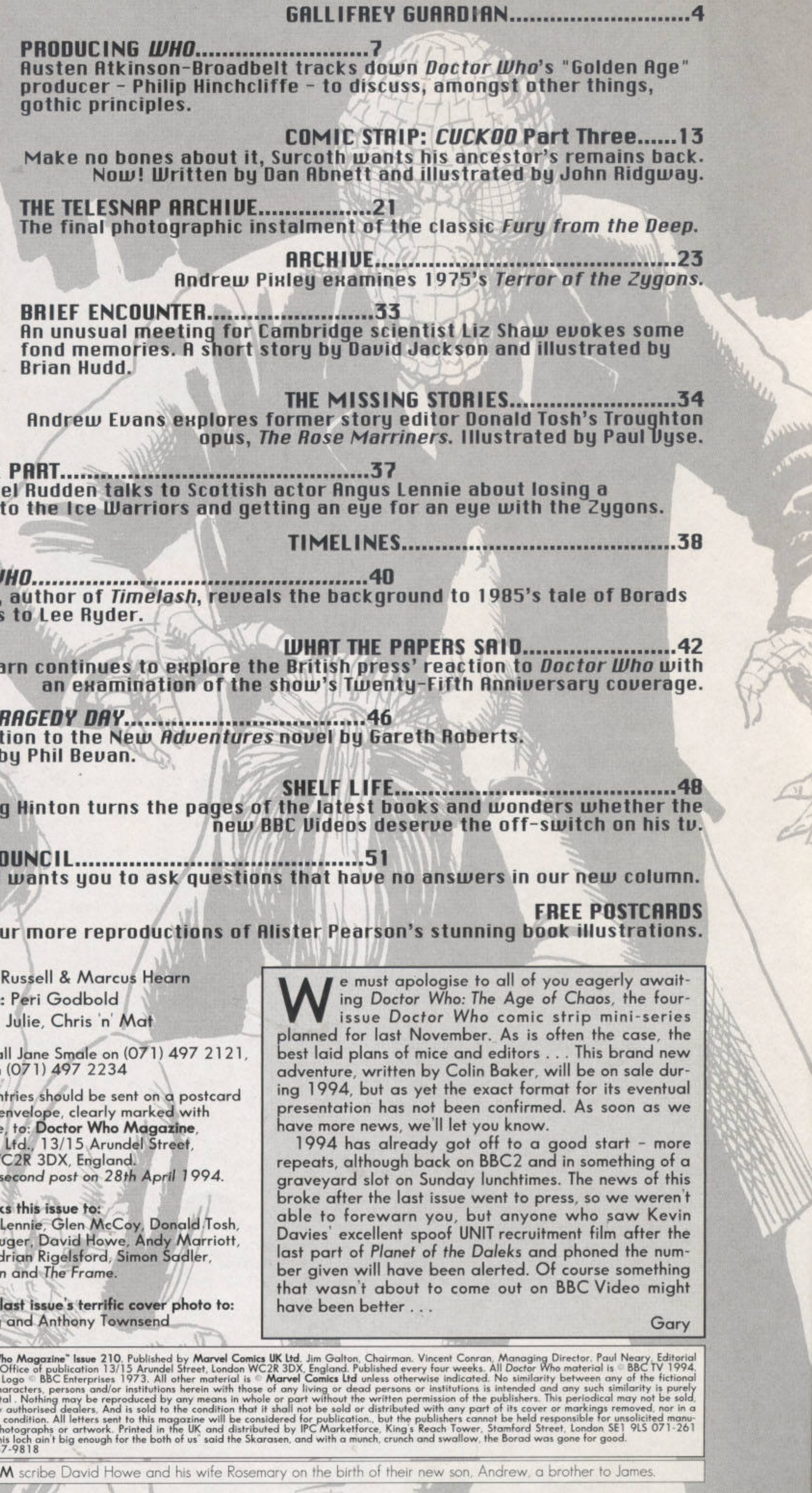

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Editorial: Gary Russell & Marcus Hearn
Design: Peri Godbold
Production: Julie, Chris 'n' Mat

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This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to: **Doctor Who Magazine**, Marvel Comics UK Ltd., 13/15 Arundel Street, London, WC2R 3DX, England.
Entries must arrive by second post on 28th April 1994.

Thanks this issue to:
Philip Hinchcliffe, Angus Lennie, Glen McCoy, Donald Tosh, Mark Andrews, David Auger, David Howe, Andy Marriott, Marcus Nickinson, Adrian Rigelsford, Simon Sadler, *In•Vision* and *The Frame*.

Extra special thanks for last issue's terrific cover photo to:
Enid Armstrong and Anthony Townsend

We must apologise to all of you eagerly awaiting *Doctor Who: The Age of Chaos*, the four-issue *Doctor Who* comic strip mini-series planned for last November. As is often the case, the best laid plans of mice and editors . . . This brand new adventure, written by Colin Baker, will be on sale during 1994, but as yet the exact format for its eventual presentation has not been confirmed. As soon as we have more news, we'll let you know.

1994 has already got off to a good start – more repeats, although back on BBC2 and in something of a graveyard slot on Sunday lunchtimes. The news of this broke after the last issue went to press, so we weren't able to forewarn you, but anyone who saw Kevin Davies' excellent spoof UNIT recruitment film after the last part of *Planet of the Daleks* and phoned the number given will have been alerted. Of course something that wasn't about to come out on BBC Video might have been better . . .

Gary

ABC
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Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 210. Published by **Marvel Comics UK Ltd**. Jim Galton, Chairman. Vincent Conran, Managing Director. Paul Neary, Editorial Director. Office of publication 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX, England. Published every four weeks. All *Doctor Who* material is © BBC TV 1994. Diamond Logo © BBC Enterprises 1973. All other material is © **Marvel Comics Ltd** unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters, persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental . Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, And is sold to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication., but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Printed in the UK and distributed by IPC Marketforce, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS 071-261 6061. "This loch ain't big enough for the both of us" said the Skarasen, and with a munch, crunch and swallow, the Borad was gone for good.
ISSN 0957-9818

Congratulations to **DWM** scribe David Howe and his wife Rosemary on the birth of their new son, Andrew, a brother to James.

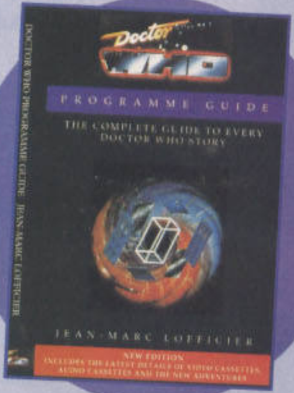
Gallifrey

THE NEW
Doctor Who
ADVENTURES
ALL-CONSUMING FIRE
ANDY LANE

THE NEW
Doctor Who
ADVENTURES
BLOOD HARVEST
TERRANCE DICKS

DOCTOR WHO
MISSING ADVENTURES
GOTH OPERA
PAUL CORNELL

VIRGIN NEWS



Virgin have confirmed that the December 1994 *New Adventure* will be *Falls the Shadow* by new writer Daniel O'Mahoney. Meanwhile David J Howe's *Timeframe* hardcover has gone to reprint, and the misprinted reproduction of Peter Elson's *Birthright* cover painting will this time be the correct way round. June 16th sees the latest printing of an updated *Doctor Who Programme Guide* by Jean-Marc Lofficier. An additional sixty pages incorporate details of *The New Adventures* (although Lofficier has chosen to ignore the **DWM** tie-in comic strips), video and audio releases and Titan's *Doctor Who – The Scripts* series.

Above are the covers to the forthcoming *New Adventures* novels *All-Consuming Fire* by Andy Lane – cover by Jeff Cummins; *Blood Harvest* by Terrance Dicks – cover by Bill Donohoe, making a welcome return to *Doctor Who* book covers; the first *Missing Adventure, Goth Opera* by Paul Cornell – cover by Alister Pearson and *The Doctor Who Programme Guide* by Jean Marc Lofficier with a revised cover also by Alister Pearson. All these books retail at £4.99

BBC VIDEO NEWS

In May this year BBC Video are hoping to release Marc Platt's *Ghost Light* starring Sylvester McCoy as the Doctor. Alongside that will be the Season Seven Jon Pertwee adventure, *Inferno. Ghost Light* sees the Doctor and Ace investigating the dubious goings-on in a Victorian mansion. *Inferno* is written by the late Don Houghton and the story sees the Doctor transported to a parallel dimension where friends become enemies and terrible primordial beast-men wreak havoc. *Ghost Light* will retail at £11.99 and *Inferno* at £16.99. *Inferno* has a cover by **DWM** artist Colin Howard.

Provisionally scheduled for an autumn release this year will be an extended version of the BBC1 documentary *30 Years in the TARDIS.* BBC Video producer David Jackson hopes to team up with director Kevin Davies and insert much of the material cut from the transmitted version. This includes many more interviews, including Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred, Frazer Hines as well as extended interviews with those seen on TV. A number of additional dramatic re-creations exist, including the impressive Emperor Dalek set from *The Evil of the Daleks,* Daleks and Robomen from the two Dalek films and a Sontaran menacing Elisabeth Sladen and her daughter in Ealing. Other monsters recorded but not seen included a Hæmovore, the Destroyer, a Husk (from *Ghost Light*), a Draconian and an Ogron. See **DWM** 209 for pictures from some of these missing sequences. There is a slim possibility that some new footage could be shot as well although at this stage that is something currently under discussion and close budgetary scrutiny.

The recent re-release price-cutting schedule was supported in various ways by different High Street retailers. W H Smith's offered a deal whereby on purchasing one of the reduced videos at £7.99, you could buy a normally priced single-tape story also at £7.99. Woolworth's had an additional two adventures priced at £7.99 (*The Tomb of the Cybermen* and *Silver Nemesis)* while John Menzies were offering a free *Doctor Who Quiz Book,* featuring one-hundred questions on the series (ten per Doctor plus ten on Daleks, Time Lords and the monsters) compiled by **Doctor Who Magazine** editor Gary Russell.

This month sees the release of the Fifth Doctor adventure *Arc of Infinity* and the long-delayed *The Colin Baker Years,* in which the actor remembers his time with the show. *The Green Death,* originally planned for release this month, has been temporarily shelved due to its recent BBC2 repeat. We have **TEN** sets to give away in this **FREE** competition. All you have to do is tell us which Sixth Doctor adventure was directed by the director of *Arc of Infinity.* Put your answers on the back of a sealed envelope or a postcard and send them to: **AMSTERDAM ANTICS** at the address on page 3. Usual Marvel competition rules apply.

BBC Video have temporarily shelved plans to continue with Seasons Two and Three of Terry Nation's series, *Survivors* as sales have not been as high as expected. Look out for the short-lived (and none-too-well received) *The Tripods* and the Terrance Dicks and Barry Letts six-part series *Moonbase 3* before the end of the year.

Guardian

EVENTS NEWS

1994 looks set to be just as busy a year for convention-goers as 1993 was. *Manopticon 3* in Manchester is over the Easter Weekend and among the guests (work permitting, as always) are Jon Pertwee, Sylvester McCoy and many others from both sides of the camera including Philip Hinchcliffe, Graeme Harper, Sarah Sutton, Michael Jayston and Paul Jericho. As is fast becoming a tradition with *Manopticon*, the convention boasts at least one major convention newcomer. Following in the footsteps of Jackie Lane (who made her UK convention debut at *Manopticon 1*) and Anneke Wills (*Manopticon 2*) is actor and presenter Peter Purves, who played space pilot Steven Taylor, companion to the First Doctor (*The Chase: The Planet of Decision* to *The Savages: Episode 4*), as well as briefly portraying the comedic Morton Dill in *The Chase: Flight Through Eternity.* Further information from: 15 Harradon Road, Walton, Liverpool L9 0HE.

Blue Box 2 moves from Bournemouth to Southampton this year on 30th April – 2nd May and the convention guests include Deborah Watling, Peter Bryant, Victor Pemberton and Mervyn Haisman. Further information from: 15 Martock Road, Keynsham, Bristol BS18 1XA.

Miracle City takes place in Bishop's Stortford in Hertfordshire on 19th March and counts amongst its guests Sophie Aldred, Deborah Watling, Barry Letts, Terrance Dicks, Derek Martinus and *New Adventures* novelists Gareth Roberts and Gary Russell. For more information, write to 15 Honeymeade, Sawbridgeworth, Herts CM21 0AR.

The Peterborough Telefantasy Group are organising a one-day event, *Icekon*, on 20th June. Tentatively scheduled are Sophie Aldred, Mary Tamm, Sylvester McCoy and Ian Hogg. More information from Flat 4, 101 Park Road, Peterborough, Cambs PE1 2TR.

Remember, whenever writing for convention information, always include an SSAE (or and SAE plus International Reply Coupons if out of Britain) or you probably won't get an answer.

REVENGE OF THE T-SHIRTS

GUDI, the Black T-Shirt Company, are back with two more unique designs – the essential sartorial accompaniment to this summer's conventions.

The first features Jon Pertwee's face and signature, with the legend "Reverse the Polarity of the Neutron Flow" while ol' Leather Lungs herself, Deborah Watling, features on the other with a typical Victoria-style scream: "Aaaaaaaaarrhhh!"

We have **TEN** of each T-Shirt to give away **FREE**, courtesy of GUDI. All you have to do is tell us the name of the sailing ship both actors appeared on together during *Dimensions in Time.*

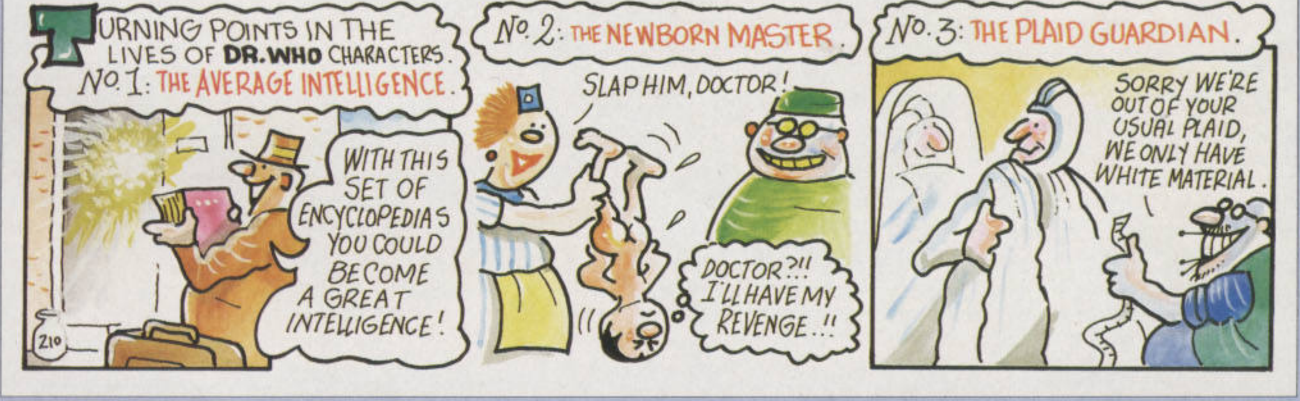
Send your answers on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, marked **WHO WAS THAT *DREADFUL* WOMAN!** to the address on page 3.

DARK DISCUSSIONS

Hot on the success of his *The AirZone Solution* video story, BBV producer Bill Baggs is currently editing together *Stranger Than Fiction.* This will be a documentary about the making of *The AirZone Solution* plus the three *The Stranger and Miss Brown* adventures. Cast and crew discuss the four projects and of major interest to *Doctor Who* fans are four Doctors, Sylvester McCoy, Colin Baker, Peter Davison and Jon Pertwee discussing together their thoughts on *The Dark Dimension*, the proposed BBC Thirtieth Anniversary adventure that was cancelled last summer. Much has been misreported in the national press about the four actors' opinions on the story and this will be fans' chance to hear the actual quotes direct from the horses' mouths.

Lots of behind-the-scenes footage, rehearsal sequences and outtakes from all four productions will be on the tape, which will run to around forty minutes.

Doctor Who? by Tim Quinn and Dicky Howett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DOCTOR?!! I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE..!!
Nº 3: THE PLAID GUARDIAN.
SORRY WE'RE OUT OF YOUR USUAL PLAID, WE ONLY HAVE WHITE MATERIAL.

BEYOND THE TARDIS

Compiled by Dominic May

Obituary: Stanley Myers, incidental music composer for *The Reign of Terror*, died on 9 November aged 63. He will be best remembered for his music for the film *The Deer Hunter*, which included the top selling piece *Cavatina*. **Henry McCarthy**, who played Dr Beavis in *Spearhead From Space*, died peacefully after a long illness on 22 December at the age of 87.

Doctors: The Christmas edition of London's *Evening Standard* did a Where Are They Now? type feature on various celebrities including **Jon Pertwee**, in which he was quoted as being a self-confessed sex symbol particularly in the US where "I've lost count of the number of times I've been enveloped by bosoms you couldn't fit through a front door!"

Meridian TV broadcast *A Service For Christmas Eve* with **Tom Baker** introducing the proceedings from the South Downs above the coastal town of Eastbourne. He also read two extracts from Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. The programme was produced and directed by his wife Sue Jerrard. Tom's acclaimed 1971 performance as Rasputin in the film *Nicholas and Alexandra* was shown on ITV on New Year's Day. **Michael Jayston** aka The Valeyard played Nicholas.

Peter Davison has been recording presentation links for the ITV canine series *It's A Dog's Life* and promoted it on the 6 January edition of *This Morning*. *Harnessing Peacocks*, which he starred in as Jim Huxtable last year, will be ITV's entry to this year's Monte Carlo Television Festival.

Sylvester McCoy can be seen reprising his role as the Servant in *The Government Inspector*, at London's Tricycle Theatre until 6 March (box office [071] 328 1000).

Companions: One pantomime omitted from **DWM** 208's *Who's Christmas* round-up was *Dick Whittington* at Croydon's Fairfield Hall, which **Peter Purves** directed, continuing a run of productions he has overseen for many years.

Jean Marsh (Sara Kingdom) has been regularly appearing alongside *Revelation's* DJ in *The All New Alexei Sayle Show*. Along with writing partner Eileen Atkins she is adapting *Lady's Maid* for a forthcoming television production. The final series of *The House of Eliott*, which she created, can currently be seen on BBC1 on Sundays. The first two episodes were directed by **Graeme Harper** while three and four were written by **Stephen Wyatt**.

Deborah Watling concluded a short run in the saucy comedy *Don't Dress For Dinner* during January.

The recent Radio 4 play *Daughters of Venice* by Don Taylor (Sydney Newman's original choice as the first producer of *Doctor Who*) featured **Caroline John** as Maestra Luciana.

Script Editors: Antony Root, who most recently produced *Tales of the City* for Channel 4, has left Working Title Television to become head of drama at Thames Television, where he will develop and produce new drama projects as well as co-ordinate development activities of *The Bill* production team and Euston Films.

Writers: Hammer Film Productions is developing a $12 million remake of vampire horror film *Vlad the Impaler*, based on the original screenplay written by the late **Brian Hayles**.

Mervyn Haisman was the writer of BBC1's *Magpie In The Dock* on 30 December.

John Flanagan and **Andrew McCulloch** are responsible for some of *Pie In The Sky*, which BBC1 is showing in March.

Love Hurts is on air for its third and final series with some episodes by **Johnny Byrne**. **Tony Selby** (Glitz) plays Max Taplow.

Eric Pringle was the writer of Radio 4's atmospheric love story *Ways Of Escape – Sarah*, broadcast on New Year's Day.

Directors: After only one series, **Michael Ferguson** is stepping down as producer of *Casualty*. From all accounts, Ferguson's year on *Casualty* has not been a happy one, with a huge cast turnover and problems with the writers and production team, but despite this the programme is still pulling in mammoth audiences.

Alan Wareing has been behind the cameras of Yorkshire TV's children's drama *Just Us* (ITV, Fridays 4.40 pm).

Miscellaneous: Former *Doctor Who* fight director **Derek Ware** recently verbally lashed out at actor **Brian Blessed** because the latter had been employed as an unregistered fight arranger for the show *Peter Pan* at Guildford's Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, thereby putting performers' safety at risk. Ware, who reportedly ended up working as a store Santa Claus because he could not find theatre work over the holiday period, said, "Brian Blessed is no more a fight director than I am a large and revered character actor. I have a lot of respect for him but this is taking work out of someone's mouth." Shortly after Ware's outburst, actor Simon Bridge suffered an eye injury after being hit in the face by a sword in a stage fight directed by Blessed.

PUBLIC IMAGE

Were those 3-D glasses capable of magnification as well? How much of the audience for BBC1's Thirtieth Anniversary tribute to *Doctor Who: Dimensions in Time* wore the eyewear needed to appreciate the 3-D technique may never be known. But certainly some powerful enhancement affected audience levels for the two mini-episodes.

Part One of the fun-size story, shown within the *Children in Need* telethon, gained an audience unknown since the heady days of 1979, when stories such as *City of Death* benefitted from industrial action causing a blackout of rival ITV programmes. Part Two, shown the next night within the popular *Noel's House Party* showed no significant loss of interest.

Audience figures, in millions, as compiled by BARB were:

Part One	Friday 26th September 1993	13.8 million
Part Two	Saturday 27th November 1993	13.6 million

BARB's charts comprise programme segments of fifteen minutes or more, and the segment containing the *Who* bite-sized chunk was the highest rated of the whole telethon. *Children in Need* made Number Fifteen on the BBC1 chart of the week ending 28th November. *Noel's House Party* made Number Ten.

This tale of two halves also included audience participation, as telephone voting detirmined whether Mandy or Big Ron from *EastEnders* would provide fleeting assistance to the TARDIS crew (or, as it turned out, the Rani) in Part Two. A total of 39,528 callers were logged before the polls closed with Mandy victorious by 56% to Big Ron's 44%.

30 Years in The TARDIS, the documentary controlled by *The Late Show* was then shown on 29th November , attaining 4.2 million viewers – 1992's precursor, *Resistance is Useless*, had 3.51 million.

All this activity formed an action-packed half-time interval to a weekly rerun launched earlier in November for the 1973 story, *Planet of the Daleks*. Shown with five-minute curtain-raising documentaries, the adventure was placed against ITV's *Coronation Street* (familiar territory, with the *Street* regularly gaining 18 million). BBC Audience Research figures for the result were:

Episode One	5th November 1993	3.6 million
Episode Two	12th November 1993	4.0 million
Episode Three	19th November 1993	3.9 million
Episode Four	3rd December 1993	3.3 million
Episode Five	10th December 1993	3.3 million
Episode Six	17th December 1993	3.5 million

With an average of 3.6 million, these figures compare honourably with similarly-scheduled stories such as *Battlefield* (3.65 million averaged on its 1989 BBC1 first-run) but fall short of the 4.9 million gained by *Survival* – the last story shown on the same channel. However, *Planet of the Daleks* surpassed *The Dæmons* figures for its BBC2 rerun during the previous November/December (average 2.48 million), and indeed now holds the record for archive repeats from the series since Alan Yentob initiated them two years ago.

Mark Wyman

Next Issue: The latest video chart placings.

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PRODUCING WHO

PHILIP HINCHCLIFFE

Photo © BBC Video

The recent release of Planet of Evil on BBC Video makes Philip Hinchcliffe the most well-represented Doctor Who producer in the home video collection. Austen Atkinson-Broadbelt recently spoke to Philip at his London office.

However subjective a statement, many people suggest that 'the golden era of *Doctor Who*' was the first three seasons featuring Tom Baker as the Doctor. Its driving force was producer Philip Hinchcliffe, whose love of the Gothic and a desire to force *Doctor Who* into maturity, led the programme in a direction that really did put people ' behind the sofa'. After three years in the job, Hinchcliffe left *Doctor Who* in 1977 and went on to produce many highly praised television dramas. I began by asking Philip to explain how his early television work, led him to become the seventh producer of *Doctor Who* .

"I joined Television with a company called ATV which serviced the east and west midlands area prior to Central TV. I worked in the story department so I was responsible for reading unsolicited scripts, filtering material that came to the company. I then became actively involved in trying to find ideas to fill the drama output, suggesting writers, working with the writers and negotiating their contracts; that sort of thing.

"I then became partially responsible for the childrens output of the company, and after five years I got an offer from the BBC. I'd had a couple of offers before then to work at the BBC as a script editor but I turned them down because I was trying to make the grade to becoming a producer."

"I joined the BBC specifically to do *Doctor Who*. I trailed Barry Letts for a month or two prior to and during the recording of *Robot.* And while I was trailing I was preparing for the other productions that season."

ALL NEW BOYS TOGETHER

"I think Tom Baker and I were virtually cast in the same week. It was a huge challenge for me. I tried not to show everybody how scared I was! I took it very seriously. I realised that *Doctor Who* was an institution – an extremely successful show and very important to the BBC as a major part of its weekend scheduling. I was suddenly producing a very identifiable show. It had a very high profile. The nation watched this show every week."

I asked Philip if he had seen *Doctor Who* as a stepping stone for his career.

"Yes I did. But I didn't really look

beyond the show at that point. I knew that I had a job to do and I was very keen to do it. I was actually very interested in the programme so I sat down and did my research on the Doctor. I had a passion for the Gothic – the genuine Gothic. Bob Holmes, my script editor, had a natural predilection for the Gothic anyway. He was predisposed that way. I also had an interest in making the programme believable and atmospheric. All of that comes down to a simple necessity really. If you throw too much light on the scenery it looks like a studio set. If you can use everything at your disposal to create a sense of atmosphere, a sense of 'the other', it seemed that was how we could make the show more powerful."

Was Philip pleased that Tom Baker had already been selected to play the Doctor, or would he have preferred to have cast his own choice of actor?

"I never, at that time, wished that I was working with another actor. I thought Tom was tremendous. He and I started together, we were both new boys on the block. And I think that formed a bond between us. We had a lot of fun with where the show, and Tom's character, might go creatively; we got a lot of excitement out of that. We talked and collaborated a lot. I tried to play to his strengths, emphasising his charismatic quality, which served the programme very well.

"We had two fabulous seasons. I remember during the third season that Tom was a bit disgruntled about where his character was going in relation to his companion. But I didn' t see it as a major problem. I think, by and large, that he and I never fell out and I look back on that time with fondness. It was a happy relationship. I don't know what he says about me, though."

SCRIPT EDITING

"I think that Robert Holmes was a genuinely original and creative talent. He was extremely well suited to handling *Doctor Who*. Sometimes he took it too far. I remember on *The Ark In Space* I was ordered to make make two or three cuts. Not because we were showing anything that was too gory but because the character, Noah, was in such terrible pain. He had a line saying something like 'Please kill me' whilst giving Vira a gun, and it was so powerfully acted that it really chilled the blood. Bill Slater, the BBC's Head of Series, asked me to cut it out. We had a number of incidents with Bob's stuff. He tried to push it just that little bit too far. Barry Letts had a similar situation with Bob on *Terror of the Autons*. Bob was always trying to see how far he could go. But I cannot give him enough credit for our three seasons. We worked incredibly well as a team. Our strengths complemented each other.

"At the end of the day, I think that I was a tough task-master on Bob. He would undertake to completely re-write stuff from scratch and turned mediocre screenplays into extremely good ones. He wasn' t always credited with that on screen. Bob really understood the dark side of the imagination. He also understood how to tell a story with a given number of sets and a given number of characters; and nonetheless within these constraints he would create a multi-dimensional story, he managed to give it a sort of resonance. His sardonic sense of humour always came out through his scripts. He was obsessed with medical terms for areas of the body. He was always very specific. It was too much for the kids."

CLASSIC DESIGN

"In those days the BBC was set up like an old-style movie studio. It had directors, producers and designers on staff. We were all part of that studio-type set up. When you were producing a series of *Doctor Who* you just tried to secure the best talent that you could in every department. I tried very hard to get the best designers that I could on the show, like Roger Murray-Leach and Ken Sharp. People like Jim Acheson who's a double Oscar winner for *The Last Emperor*, and ►

"We were both new boys on the block," says Hinchcliffe of his start on the show with Tom Baker. Photo © BBC Video.

Davros, a prime example of the good design elements that impressed Hinchcliffe. Photo © BBC Video.

◄ John Bloomfield. You know, very good make-up and visual effects people. You tried to get the best of the bunch. But a *Wednesday Play* might have offered them something, or a big costume drama would be coming up. So a lot of my work was trying to make the programme sufficiently interesting for these people because they had a degree of choice. They could refuse in a way, by saying that they would rather do something else. I'd have to argue with their heads of department. So part of it was building-up their enthusiasm for the show.

"Barry Letts had paid a lot of attention to the design side generally. He really brought the programme into the modern age. I certainly continued that and maybe even strengthened the role that the designers had. Once I'd got a few people on the show and they'd done a good job and enjoyed it, they'd come back. I remember fighting pretty hard to get Roger Murray-Leach back to do my last show, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*.

"*Weng-Chiang* was a good story, which was originally going to be the story that introduced Leela, although it didn't work out that way. I remember on that one we had a tank of water in the studio. The water managed to percolate out of the tank and seep into the electrics. As a result, all of the telephone lines went down at BBC TV Centre!"

Having worked on a great number of *Doctor Who* stories I asked Philip for his choice of the best.

"I'm quite fond of *The Ark in Space*, because I think it broke new ground and created quite an impact. I enjoyed *Terror of the Zygons* because the monsters were so terrific. I liked *Planet of Evil* with that marvellous jungle design by Roger Murray-Leach. *Pyramids of Mars* and I suppose *The Brain of Morbius*. I enjoyed them all, really although I was least happy with *Revenge of the Cybermen*. It was a hangover; it had been commissioned before I took over. Not that I'm decrying Michael Briant's direction, or even the script. I'm just not very interested in the Cybermen."

RE-INVENTING THE DALEKS

"What happened with *Genesis of the Daleks* was that Terry Nation had already written the script before I was appointed. So I thought that we'd better do something bloody good with the Daleks, because people had seen them ad-nauseaum. They were silly things, running around on castors. So I just tried to inject more atmosphere. I asked John Friedlander to really do something good for the Davros character. We just tried to put a better design element into it. I think David Maloney directed it terribly well.

"I remember that we had about ten minutes to get the final battle scene, before the lights and power in the studio went off, last thing at night. It was an object lesson from an experienced director. One of the things that annoyed me, looking back at photographs from the story, was that the stills from the studio were taken before the final recording. As a result there's a lot of photographs of Davros going around where you can see the join between his mouth and mask. Those shots were taken during the final rehearsals."

Did Philip have any favourite directors?

"Yes! Fond memories of Lennie Mayne. He was great fun, but he died so tragically. David Maloney and of course Dougie Camfield who has also died. I did quite a few shows with David and Dougie.

"Douglas Camfield had such total commitment. He gave 120 per cent. He planned everything. He was a very military person, an inspiring leader. Other directors did it in a laid back sort of way."

I wondered if Philip remembered how Elisabeth Sladen, playing Sarah Jane Smith, coped with the transition from Jon Pertwee's Doctor with whom she'd started her run on the programme to Tom Baker's?

"I thought Liz was terrific. I think she

A superb team member, Elisabeth Sladen coped with the change from Pertwee to Baker very well. Photo © BBC Video.

Leela was initially due to appear first in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, remembers Hinchcliffe. Photo © BBC.

might have felt a little bitter when she left the series. She belonged to an era; Bob Holmes and I felt that we should do something new with the show. Inevitably that meant changing a few of the components. Of course Sarah was one of the casualties of that change.

"I think Liz had a very special working relationship with Jon Pertwee, but she handled the change-over very well. She and Tom made a superb team. Of course the Harry character had disappeared by the time she departed. Harry came about when Bob Holmes heard that the new Doctor might be an older guy, so he commissioned some stories featuring this younger, more athletic, companion. Tom was then cast and it soon became clear that Harry wasn't needed as Tom could quite easily handle the rough stuff. Ian Marter, who played the character, brought a nice comic touch to *Doctor Who*, but we really wanted to move away from the longer stories, which needed extra characters to carry them along. We wanted to move the Doctor firmly to centre stage and I felt, rightly or wrongly that three lead characters reduced the Doctor's importance within the narrative. Somehow I felt that a gang of three wandering about the galaxy smacked of kids' TV."

RE-INVENTING THE TIME LORDS

"With *The Deadly Assassin* I suppose I wanted to do a conspiracy story. I got fascinated by the idea that the Doctor was a renegade Time Lord and he had fallen foul of his peers. We knew Lis Sladen was going and Tom was very keen to do a story on his own. I liked the idea of the Doctor thinking that he was in charge of the situation when actually he was embroiled in a conspiracy. So Bob came up with this idea that the Doctor went back to the land of the Time Lords. I'd never done anything with the Time Lords, but I had seen one that Barry Letts had done. It was quite good in the way that it handled the Time Lords, making them sort of all powerful monks. But Bob hated the Time Lords – he thought they were a weak bunch, so he did a different version. Part of the Time Lord set up was to have a powerful villain, so Bob suggested that we use the Master.

"We tried to push the boundaries of the programme a little. We had a strange episode, almost all on film, where the Doctor fought a battle inside the mind of Goth. I wanted to have a go at something really over the edge, really strange. It was weird. I remember we had to re-cut the cliffhanger when we saw the Doctor being drowned. Bill Slater said we were holding the Doctor's head underwater for too long and it was unfair to hold that over until the following week because the kids would get upset. I thought that was bull, but we had to cut it down."

ENTER LEELA

"There was a little girl who lived next door to me at that time. Now, you think of little girls identifying with women but she wanted to be the Doctor. I realised that everyone wanted to identify with the Doctor because he was a hero. So I wanted to create an active female role model instead of a passive screamer. At the same time Bob told me that he wanted to do a Victorian story – Jack the Ripper and Sherlock Holmes stuff. We talked about introducing the new companion in this story and worked out the nature of the companion in relation to the Doctor. We suddenly realised that there could be an element of Shaw's Professor Higgins and Eliza Doolittle from *Pygmalion*.

"In earlier episodes there had always been a gulf between the Doctor and his human companion. So there was this situation that if you gave him a savage, this savage in England could be an Eliza Doolittle; she could be educated by the Doctor. Then we thought if she wasn't human that would be even better because she would be totally barbaric. So he'd have to teach her restraint. After all, if someone gets up your nose you don't normally throw a knife between their shoulder blades!

"Then Bob got bogged down because he was busy getting the other scripts ready to feed to the constant conveyor-belt production schedule; so he couldn't write the story. At the same time Chris Boucher came up with the computer-God-run-amok story and so we talked to him about doing an Eliza Doolittle character in a futuristic environment. This wasn't to be the introduction of a new companion after which the relationship gets established and then becomes static, this would be an on-going education. She'd always be getting him into scrapes and going one step too far; which means she's dangerous. It's a good dramatic device and it proved to be a good piece of structural thinking. So she emerged first in the Chris Boucher story *The Face of Evil*.

"We faced some criticism about the levels of violence as Barry Letts had with *Terror of the Autons* as I said. The problem he had was bringing horror into the domestic scene. If you show a child its bedroom and then show a door knob turning and a huge scaly monster comes in, that's disturbing to a child. I think showing giant spiders in a cavern on another planet is pretty healthy. Psychiatrists wrote to us and said that it was perfectly healthy. Fantasy can act like a safety valve, it helps children to express their deep seated insecurities in a harmless manner.

"I wanted to appeal to older children – those of twelve and thirteen as well as to the adults in the audience and that meant having more plausible situations and handling things in a more plausible way. As far as possible the effects had to be convincing. We also placed a lot of emphasis on getting a very strong cliffhanger at the end of each episode. So all of these things tended to make our stories more gripping. I think when people said 'violent', they meant frightening and gripping. We were putting out stuff that would frighten four year-olds, but we were making it for a far wider audience. It's up to the parents to monitor the TV output they allow into their homes."

Why did Philip leave the show after three years of success?

"Well, basically I had no choice. I was a producer within the BBC's drama department and in those days you were asked to move on and produce another show. I didn't know that I was being replaced, until Graham Williams walked in the door. I knew it was an on/off situation. I think I had said that I'd like to move on. Three years was enough and they asked me to stay on for another year's penal labour! I agreed a bit grudgingly, not because I disliked working on the show, but because I ►

Above: Tom Baker, mixing Sherlock Holmes with Jack the Ripper in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*.Photo © BBC Video. Right: Philip Hinchcliffe. Photo © ARAB.

wanted my career to move in new directions. Then their decision was reversed. Graham was made up to be a producer and *Who* was the first thing he was given. It meant musical chairs for the other producers in the department, including me.

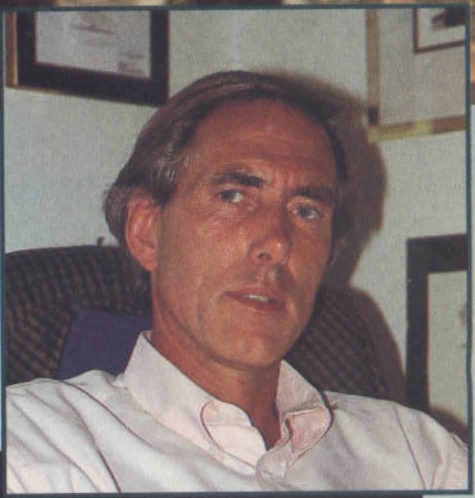
"After leaving *Doctor Who*, I continued working in the series department of the BBC and I did a number of BBC2 series including *Private Schultz*, as well as some *Screen Two* films. In 1986 I produced *The Charmer* for LWT. In 1988 I began working as an independent for Portman producing *And A Nightingale Sang* for Tyne Tees, *Gravy Train* for Channel Four and *Friday On My Mind* for the BBC.

A RETURN TO WHO?

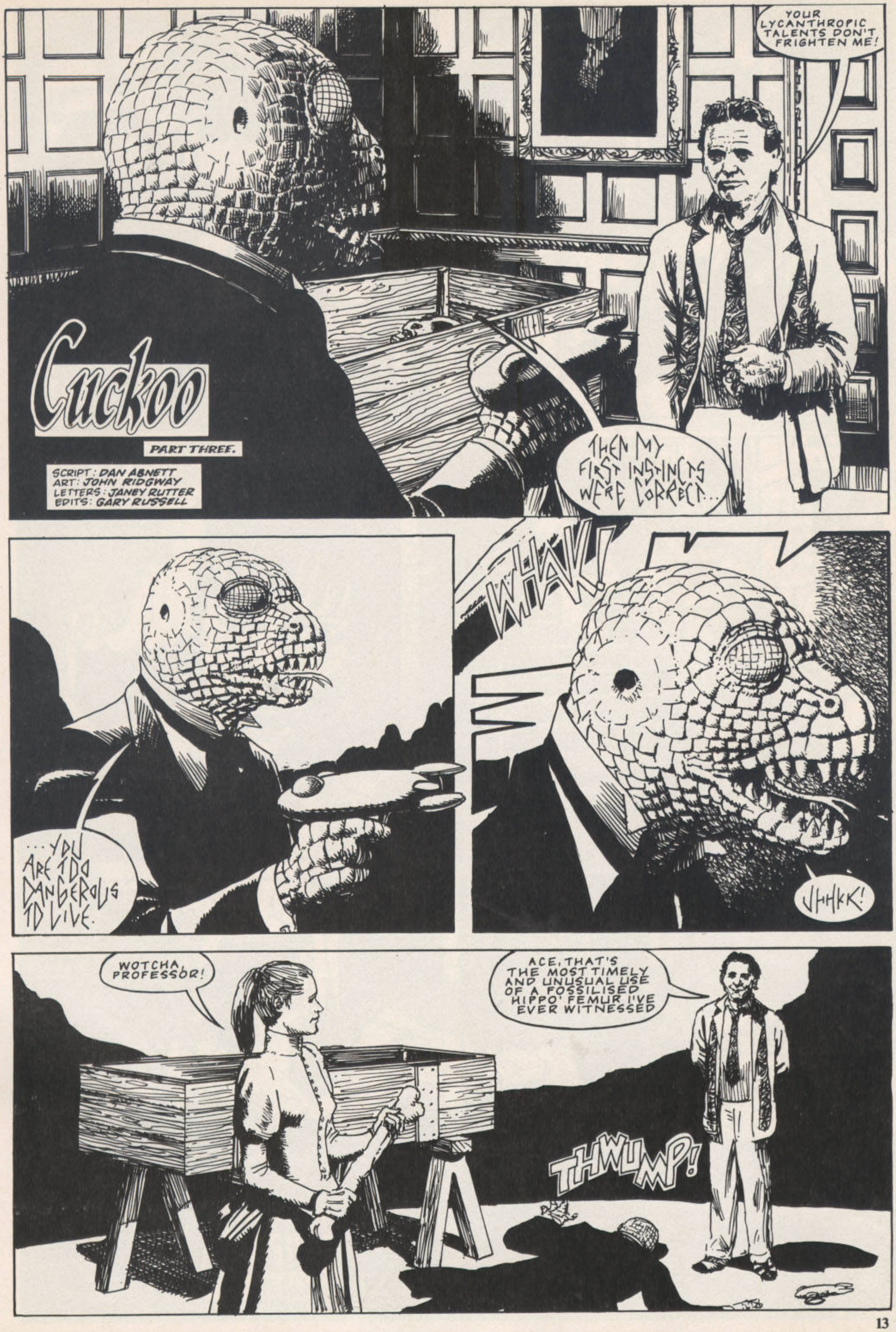
"I remember being asked about *Doctor Who* in the late Seventies. My feelings then were that if there were to be a new Doctor, he should be a sort of action-packing scientist. Of course shortly afterwards Steven Speilberg produced the first *Indiana Jones* film proving that type of character to be attractive. But if the programme were to return in the Nineties, it would have to be approached from a completely new perspective. You would have to look at trends and try to ascertain what the nation would like to see. Maybe it would be a strong authority figure. But any new Doctor would have to be attractive to our current and future society. *Doctor Who* needs to be approached as though it were created in 1994, not 1963.

"As we speak I have a number of film and tv projects in development, several of which go into production over the next six to twelve months, but I'm still directly involved with writers. I enjoy that side of things. I get much more involved with the raising of finances, dealing with broadcasters and partners these days. There are a great number of projects on the horizon, anyone of them could prove to be just as successful as *Doctor Who*. Only time will tell."

◆



***The Deadly Assassin* saw the Time Lords caught up in a conspiracy. Photo © BBC Video.**

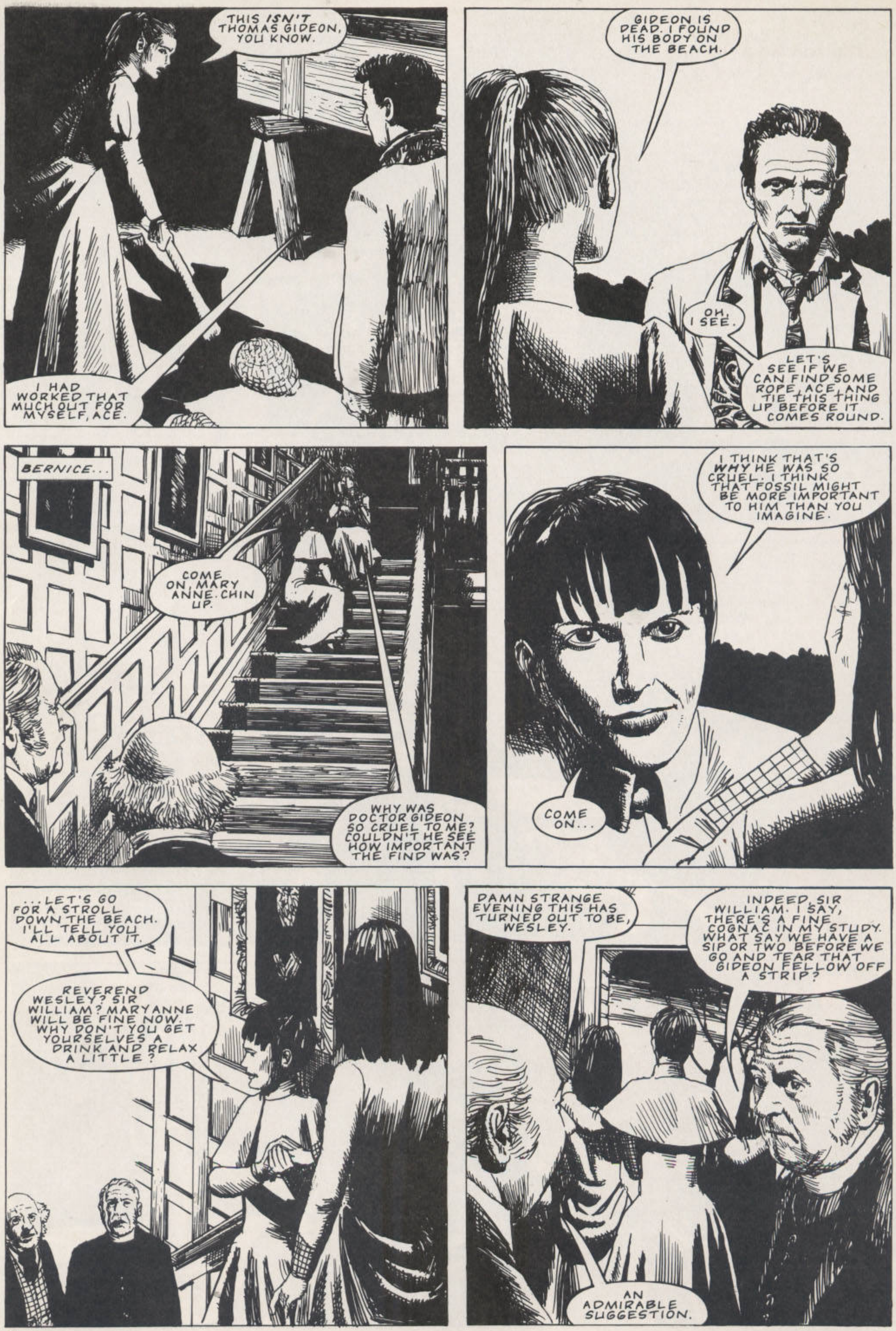


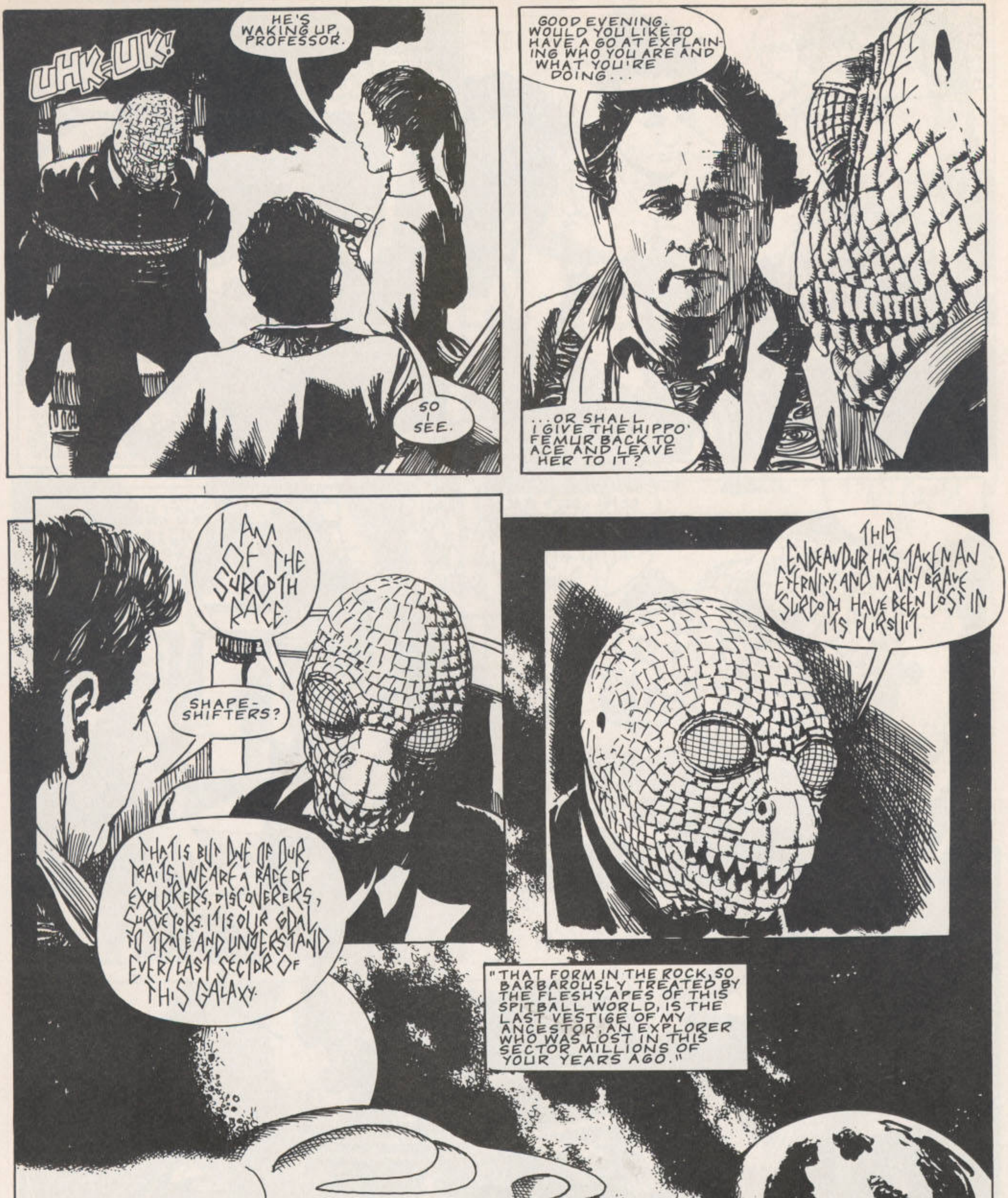
Cuckoo

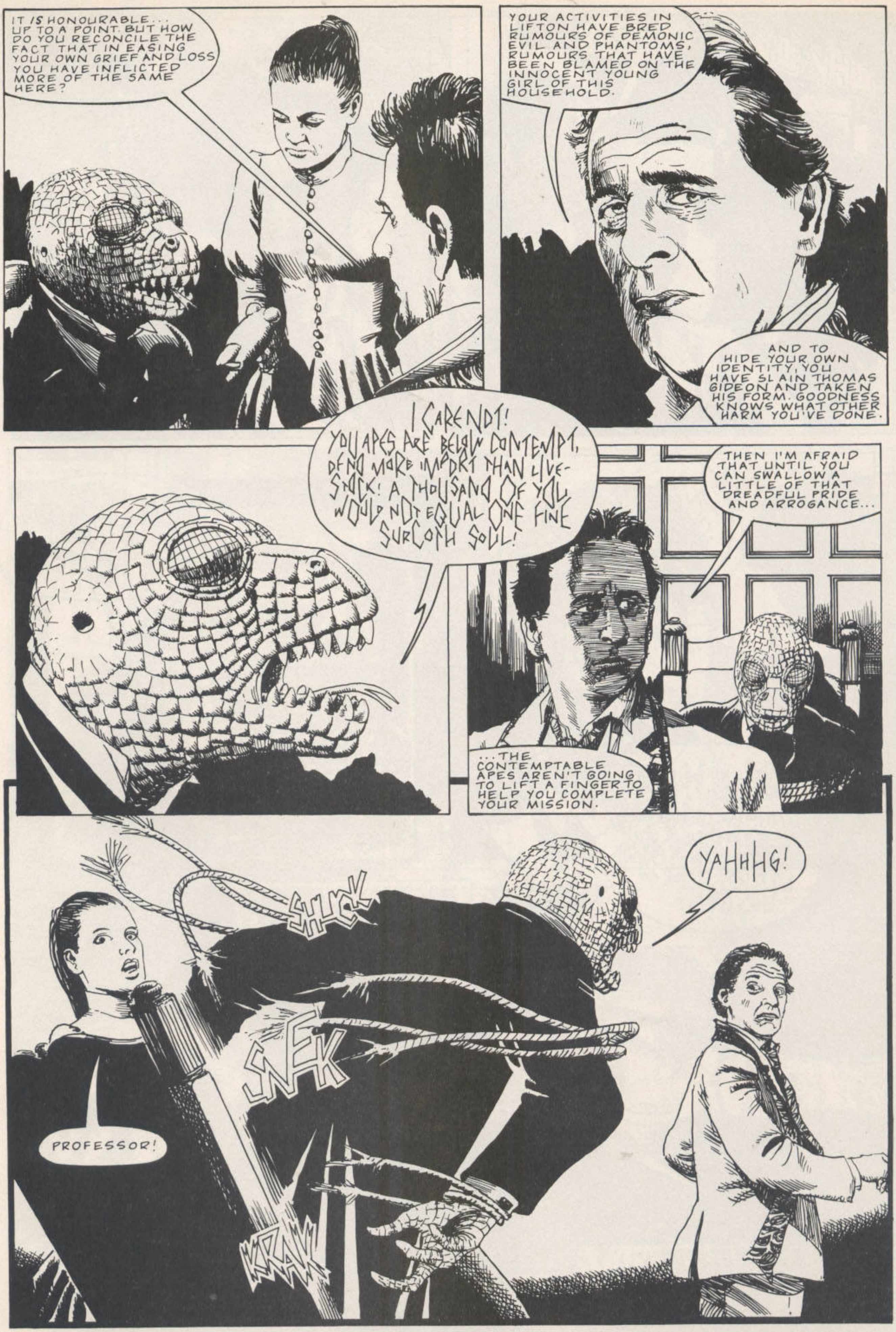
PART THREE.

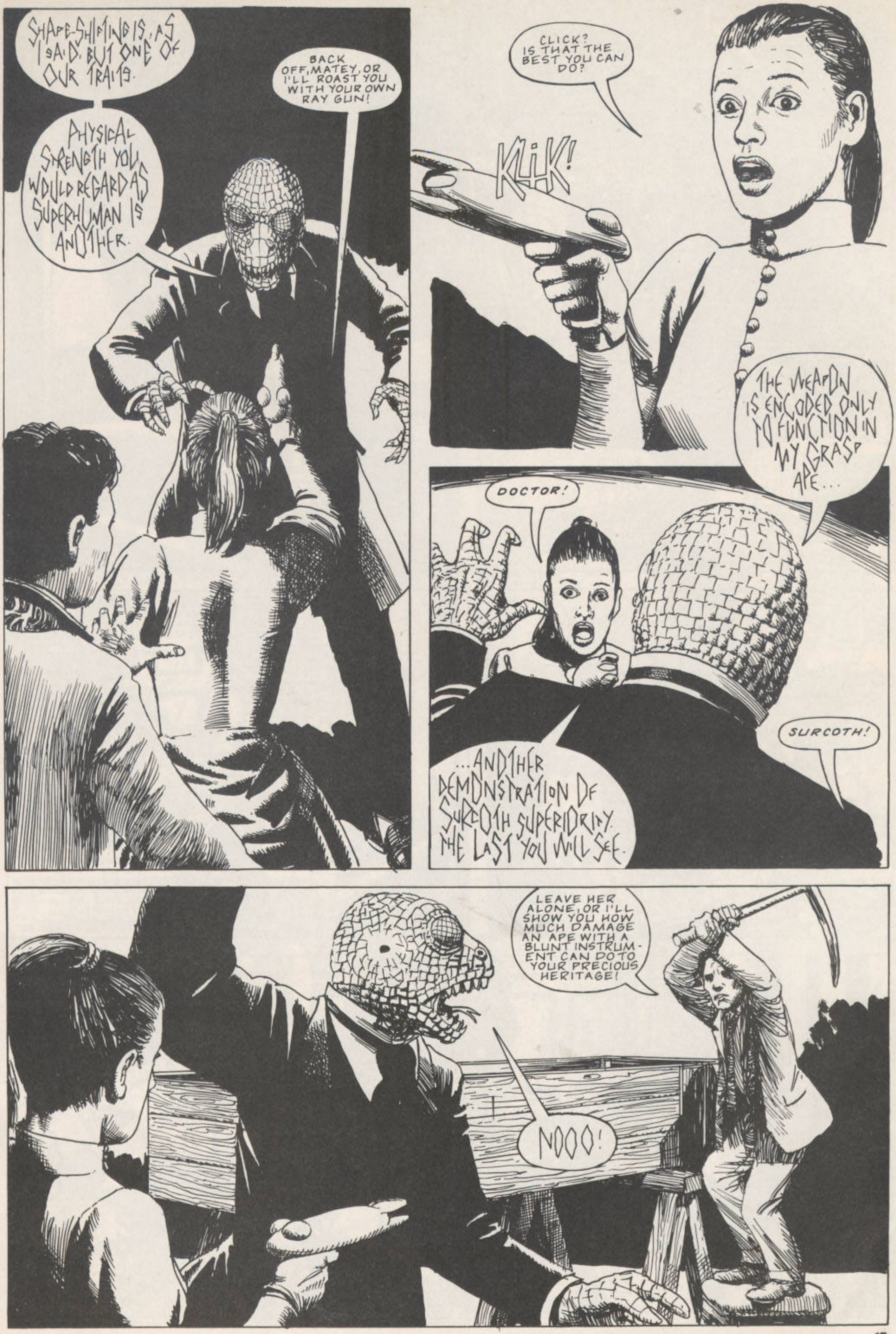
SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT
ART: JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS: JANEY RUTTER
EDITS: GARY RUSSELL

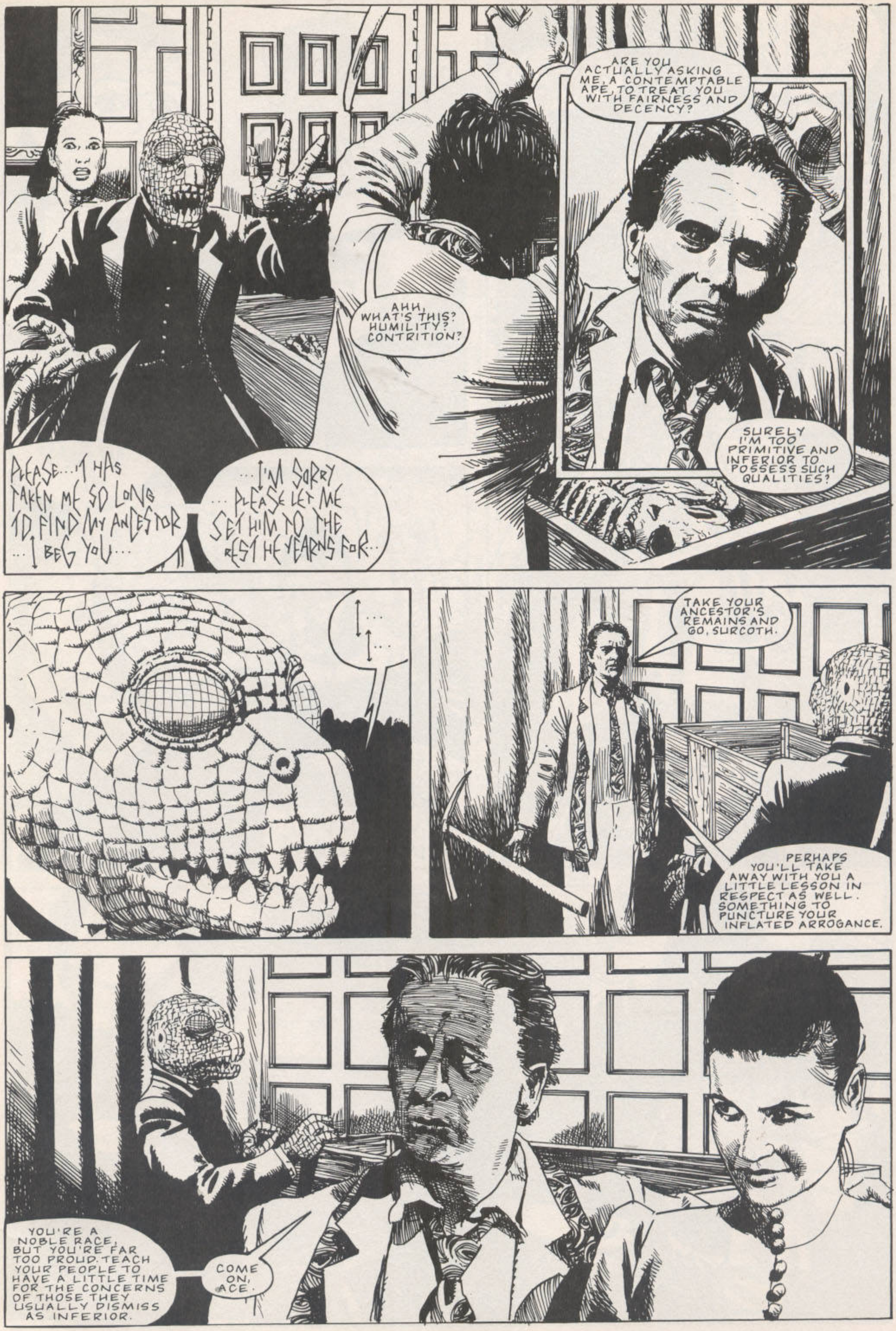
YOUR LYCANTHROPIC TALENTS DON'T FRIGHTEN ME!
THEN MY FIRST INSTINCTS WERE CORRECT...
...YOU ARE TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE.
WHAK!
UHHKK!
WOTCHA, PROFESSOR!
ACE, THAT'S THE MOST TIMELY AND UNUSUAL USE OF A FOSSILISED HIPPO' FEMUR I'VE EVER WITNESSED
THWUMP!

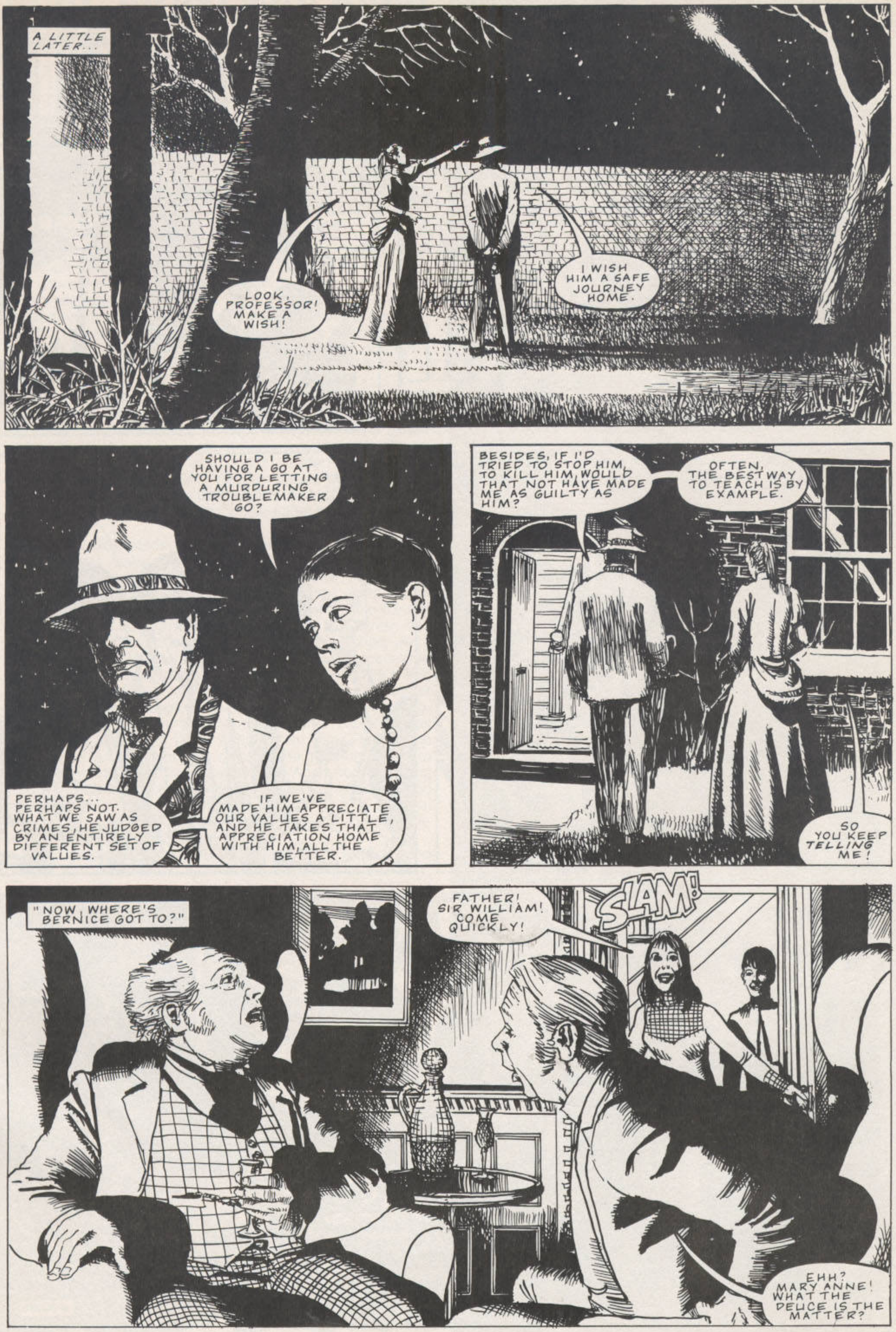

THIS *ISN'T* THOMAS GIDEON, YOU KNOW.
I HAD WORKED THAT MUCH OUT FOR MYSELF, ACE.
GIDEON IS DEAD. I FOUND HIS BODY ON THE BEACH.
OH, I SEE.
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOME ROPE, ACE, AND TIE THIS THING UP BEFORE IT COMES ROUND.
BERNICE...
COME ON, MARY ANNE. CHIN UP.
WHY WAS DOCTOR GIDEON SO CRUEL TO ME? COULDN'T HE SEE HOW IMPORTANT THE FIND WAS?
I THINK THAT'S *WHY* HE WAS SO CRUEL. I THINK THAT FOSSIL MIGHT BE MORE IMPORTANT TO HIM THAN YOU IMAGINE.
COME ON...
...LET'S GO FOR A STROLL DOWN THE BEACH. I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.
REVEREND WESLEY? SIR WILLIAM? MARYANNE WILL BE FINE NOW. WHY DON'T YOU GET YOURSELVES A DRINK AND RELAX A LITTLE?
DAMN STRANGE EVENING THIS HAS TURNED OUT TO BE, WESLEY.
INDEED, SIR WILLIAM. I SAY, THERE'S A FINE COGNAC IN MY STUDY. WHAT SAY WE HAVE A SIP OR TWO BEFORE WE GO AND TEAR THAT GIDEON FELLOW OFF A STRIP?
AN ADMIRABLE SUGGESTION.

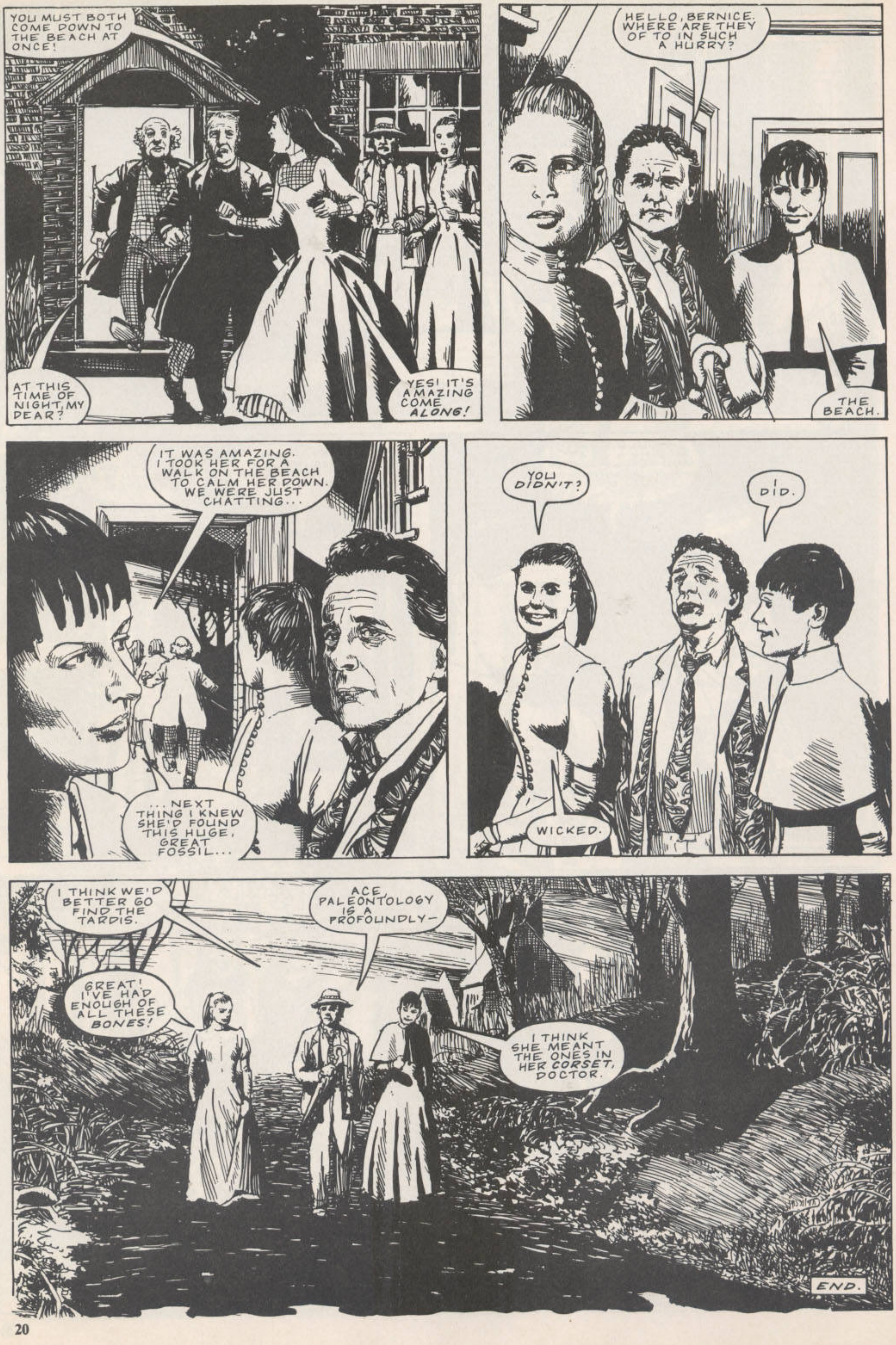

UHK-UK!
HE'S WAKING UP, PROFESSOR.
SO I SEE.
GOOD EVENING. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A GO AT EXPLAINING WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU'RE DOING...
...OR SHALL I GIVE THE HIPPO' FEMUR BACK TO ACE AND LEAVE HER TO IT?
I AM OF THE SURCOTH RACE.
SHAPE-SHIFTERS?
THAT IS BUT ONE OF OUR TRAITS. WE ARE A RACE OF EXPLORERS, DISCOVERERS, SURVEYORS. IT IS OUR GOAL TO TRACE AND UNDERSTAND EVERY LAST SECTOR OF THIS GALAXY.
THIS ENDEAVOUR HAS TAKEN AN ETERNITY, AND MANY BRAVE SURCOTH HAVE BEEN LOST IN ITS PURSUIT.
"THAT FORM IN THE ROCK, SO BARBAROUSLY TREATED BY THE FLESHY APES OF THIS SPITBALL WORLD, IS THE LAST VESTIGE OF MY ANCESTOR, AN EXPLORER WHO WAS LOST IN THIS SECTOR MILLIONS OF YOUR YEARS AGO."
"I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR HIM, TO RECOVER HIS NOBLE REMAINS AND RETURN THEM TO OUR HOMEWORLD, SO THAT HIS TROUBLED SPIRIT MAY FINALLY BE LAID TO REST."
"YOU MUST ALLOW ME TO COMPLETE MY HONOURABLE DUTY."


IT IS HONOURABLE... UP TO A POINT. BUT HOW DO YOU RECONCILE THE FACT THAT IN EASING YOUR OWN GRIEF AND LOSS YOU HAVE INFLICTED MORE OF THE SAME HERE?
YOUR ACTIVITIES IN LIFTON HAVE BRED RUMOURS OF DEMONIC EVIL AND PHANTOMS, RUMOURS THAT HAVE BEEN BLAMED ON THE INNOCENT YOUNG GIRL OF THIS HOUSEHOLD.
AND TO HIDE YOUR OWN IDENTITY, YOU HAVE SLAIN THOMAS GIDEON AND TAKEN HIS FORM. GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT OTHER HARM YOU'VE DONE.
I CARE NOT! YOU APES ARE BELOW CONTEMPT, OF NO MORE IMPORT THAN LIVESTOCK! A THOUSAND OF YOU WOULD NOT EQUAL ONE FINE SURCOTH SOUL!
THEN I'M AFRAID THAT UNTIL YOU CAN SWALLOW A LITTLE OF THAT DREADFUL PRIDE AND ARROGANCE...
...THE CONTEMPTABLE APES AREN'T GOING TO LIFT A FINGER TO HELP YOU COMPLETE YOUR MISSION.
SHUCK
YAHHHG!
SNEK
PROFESSOR!
KRAK


SHAPE-SHIFTING IS, AS I SAID, BUT ONE OF OUR TRAITS.
PHYSICAL STRENGTH YOU WOULD REGARD AS SUPERHUMAN IS ANOTHER.
BACK OFF, MATEY, OR I'LL ROAST YOU WITH YOUR OWN RAY GUN!
KLIK!
CLICK? IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
THE WEAPON IS ENCODED ONLY TO FUNCTION IN MY GRASP APE...
DOCTOR!
...ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION OF SURCOTH SUPERIORITY. THE LAST YOU WILL SEE.
SURCOTH!
LEAVE HER ALONE, OR I'LL SHOW YOU HOW MUCH DAMAGE AN APE WITH A BLUNT INSTRUMENT CAN DO TO YOUR PRECIOUS HERITAGE!
NOOO!


ARE YOU ACTUALLY ASKING ME, A CONTEMPTABLE APE, TO TREAT YOU WITH FAIRNESS AND DECENCY?
AHH, WHAT'S THIS? HUMILITY? CONTRITION?
SURELY I'M TOO PRIMITIVE AND INFERIOR TO POSSESS SUCH QUALITIES?
PLEASE... IT HAS TAKEN ME SO LONG TO FIND MY ANCESTOR ... I BEG YOU...
...I'M SORRY ... PLEASE LET ME SET HIM TO THE REST HE YEARNS FOR...
I... I...
TAKE YOUR ANCESTOR'S REMAINS AND GO, SURCOTH.
PERHAPS YOU'LL TAKE AWAY WITH YOU A LITTLE LESSON IN RESPECT AS WELL. SOMETHING TO PUNCTURE YOUR INFLATED ARROGANCE.
YOU'RE A NOBLE RACE, BUT YOU'RE FAR TOO PROUD. TEACH YOUR PEOPLE TO HAVE A LITTLE TIME FOR THE CONCERNS OF THOSE THEY USUALLY DISMISS AS INFERIOR.
COME ON, ACE.


A LITTLE LATER...
LOOK, PROFESSOR! MAKE A WISH!
I WISH HIM A SAFE JOURNEY HOME.
SHOULD I BE HAVING A GO AT YOU FOR LETTING A MURDURING TROUBLEMAKER GO?
PERHAPS... PERHAPS NOT. WHAT WE SAW AS CRIMES, HE JUDGED BY AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT SET OF VALUES.
IF WE'VE MADE HIM APPRECIATE OUR VALUES A LITTLE, AND HE TAKES THAT APPRECIATION HOME WITH HIM, ALL THE BETTER.
BESIDES, IF I'D TRIED TO STOP HIM, TO KILL HIM, WOULD THAT NOT HAVE MADE ME AS GUILTY AS HIM?
OFTEN, THE BEST WAY TO TEACH IS BY EXAMPLE.
SO YOU KEEP TELLING ME!
"NOW, WHERE'S BERNICE GOT TO?"
FATHER! SIR WILLIAM! COME QUICKLY!
SLAM!
EHH? MARY ANNE! WHAT THE DEUCE IS THE MATTER?


YOU MUST BOTH COME DOWN TO THE BEACH AT ONCE!
AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, MY DEAR?
YES! IT'S AMAZING COME *ALONG!*
HELLO, BERNICE. WHERE ARE THEY OF TO IN SUCH A HURRY?
THE BEACH.
IT WAS AMAZING. I TOOK HER FOR A WALK ON THE BEACH TO CALM HER DOWN. WE WERE JUST CHATTING...
...NEXT THING I KNEW SHE'D FOUND THIS HUGE, GREAT FOSSIL...
YOU *DIDN'T*?
I DID.
WICKED.
I THINK WE'D BETTER GO FIND THE TARDIS.
ACE, PALEONTOLOGY IS A PROFOUNDLY—
GREAT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF ALL THESE *BONES!*
I THINK SHE MEANT THE ONES IN HER *CORSET*, DOCTOR.
END.

FURY FROM THE DEEP

The explosive climax of *Fury from the Deep* was demanding not just on its actors and special effects technicians but especially on its director. "On camera, there was a Hughes 300 helicopter piloted by a chap from Denham, an ex-Fleet Airline pilot called Mike," Hugh David remembered. "We also needed another chopper to film it from, an Alouette, a jet-propelled French model. A top cameraman Ken Westbury, sat strapped into the doorway as we pulled away from the fort. I was beside him directing, also acting as his assistant loading up the film.

"We were running out of light, the wind was at about forty knots, (fifteen knots faster than the limit) and we were hovering above the freezing sea through the open door of a helicopter. It was, to say the least, a nerve-wracking experience. We might have been in the Antarctic. Incidentally, a rescue team was standing by in RAF Marsden but we were told that if anything happened and we went under, we had to stay inside until the blades stopped turning, or we might have been cut in two.

"Mike the pilot made the most spectacular flight I've ever seen. He was really marvellous; he flew right under the fort and between its catwalks, which were only about sixty feet high. The one thing that particular model wasn't equipped for was the loop-the-loop. I asked him to do a semi-circle coming from one direction, and then again from the other. We reversed the film and stuck it together and it worked very well."

The late Victor Maddern, whose portrayal of the possessed Robson depicted new levels of manic terror in the story's final episode, also had clear memories of the impressive helicopter stunt-work. "The helicopter was called to do a loop-the-loop. You probably know that this cannot be done. The pilot was asked to do all sorts of twists and turns to allow Hugh to do tricks in the cutting room. The night before the stunts were to be performed the pilot had a few drinks! Apart from swinging from a chandelier in the hotel lounge, he did a handstand and walked around, pausing only occasionally to drink and eat empty glasses of vodka! I thought at the time that the science-fiction must be getting to me."

Victor also recalled the problems presented by his first-hand contact with the dreaded foam at the beginning of the story. "The only vivid memory I have about the foam is being at Ealing Film Studios with the special effects team and being assured by them that no harm would come to me. I was in some kind of large tank and and the special foam came creeping along in a frighteningly absorbing kind of way. Get in a bubble bath and try to duck your head beneath the bubbles and you will get a slight idea of what I mean!"

Episode 6 of *Fury from the Deep* is, however, most notable for Deborah Watling's final performance as Victoria until 1993's *Dimensions in Time.* Hugh David took the trouble to give the popular character a very special send-off. "I wanted to get the feeling that the Police Box was going up like a rocket, leaving her behind on the beach. It was rather a plaintive shot, because as we had such terrible weather, nobody was walking along the front at Margate, and the shoreline was in a very strange configuration, and the sea was right out. We got up in the helicopter, just above her head, and looked down on her. We added a '20 to 1' lens, which allows a picture to grow twenty times bigger. So as she stood there waving, we soared up in the helicopter and zoomed out the lens, and she became a tiny dot on the beach below. We stuck that on the screen in the TARDIS in the studio – the last shot of Victoria."

Compiled by Marcus Hearn

We continue the exclusive presentation of previously unseen telesnaps with *The Web of Fear* in Issue 18 of **Doctor Who Classic Comics** – on sale 3rd March.

FURY FROM THE DEEP – Episode 6

by Victor Pemberton
directed by Hugh David
transmitted 20th April 1968

PICTURE

COLUMN 1

2 & 3 The control room is swamped in the seething foam discharge from
4 the toxic weed. Jamie and the Doctor gaze in horror at the possessed
5 Robson, who stands calmly in its midst. "You are going to help our
new masters," he intones to the Doctor. "They need you." As the
6 foam-covered Robson advances on the two men they become aware
of the screaming Victoria behind him. "You cannot escape," he insists.
"You will join us – you must join us." Robson exhales a burst of toxic
7 gas and while the Doctor frantically covers his mouth Jamie runs past
him to rescue Victoria. Reunited once more the three travellers back
8 away from the possessed man until the Doctor realises that Victoria's
screams actually seem to repel him.

COLUMN 2

1 Robson cries out, as if in pain, and clutches his ears. He withdraws
back into the control room while Jamie, Victoria and the Doctor
2 emerge onto the roof of the complex to look for the waiting helicopter.
They fail to attract the pilot's attention so the Doctor suggests they
instead use Robson's vacant vehicle. As foam begins to follow them,
3 they close the roof hatch and climb into the cockpit. Although the
4 & 5 Doctor succeeds in getting the machine airborne his attempts to fly in
6,7 & 8 a straight line meet with spectacular, but dangerous, results.

COLUMN 3

1 Noticing the Doctor's acrobatic display, the pilot who brought them to
2 the rig relays instructions over the radio. With his help, the Doctor
3 regains control over the machine and heads back for the base.
4 Harris decides he has waited for the Doctor long enough and recom-
5 mends evacuating the compound. Megan insists they allow him the
6 last ten minutes of his allotted hour before Harris reminds her that
their only weapon against the weed – their oxygen store – is now
depleted. Megan declares a red alert and decides to inform the
Defence Minister in London of their plight. Harris' protestations are
7 interrupted by the Doctor, who arrives with the bad news about
Robson. He also tells them that on their way they stopped off at the
Medicare Centre and discovered that Quill is completely free of the
weed growth over his arm. Thanks to Victoria's screams earlier, the
Doctor has deduced that noise is fatal to the parasitic weed. He pleads
for another half-an-hour before the compound is evacuated. "What are
we going to do?" asks Megan. "We make a noise, Miss Jones," the
8 Doctor replies, indicating the pipeline. "We make an awful lot of noise!"

COLUMN 4

1 The Doctor recommends boosting the base equipment to transmit
sound through the pipeline to hit the weed's nerve-centre. He asks
Victoria to scream into a tape recorder so a loop of the piercing sound
2 can be made. While they prepare to attack, the weed creature bursts
through the pipe and begins to flow across the impeller room. While
3 Perkins attempts to coax Victoria to scream into the microphone the
4 weed bursts through a growing split in the impeller room door. The
5 & 6 crew struggle in vain to stem the flow which pours through to over-
7 & 8 come the room.

COLUMN 5

1 Harris again advocates evacuating until the Doctor asks him for a few
more minutes to combat the advancing weed with a device which,
when linked to the amplifiers, should produce a sonic laser sound
2 wave passing through the pipes. Short-range attacks will be dealt with
by hand-held speakers. Harris and the Chief Engineer run into the out-
3 side corridor only to be confronted by a slithering mass of weed and
foam which advances towards them. They retreat to the control area
4 & 5 slamming the doors behind them but are soon engulfed by the foam
6 pouring out of the impeller room. The Doctor struggles to activate the
7 amplifier and the base personnel point the hand-held speakers at the
8 approaching weed. The room resonates with the piercing cacophony
of Victoria's tape-recorded scream.

COLUMN 6

1 The sound begins to take effect and the toxic weed, together with its
2 foam discharge, begins to retreat back down the corridor. The foam
3 shrinks to reveal the huge weed creature itself, which rapidly retreats.
4 As Megan thanks the Doctor, Victoria begins sobbing hysterically,
deeply shocked after the latest in her series of ordeals as a TARDIS
5 passenger. Everyone is interrupted when the video screen relays a
6 message from Robson and Maggie Harris – both of whom are dazed
but completely recovered and free of the weed's influence.
Furthermore, they report that van Lutyens is also alive and well.
7 At a celebratory dinner held later that evening, Robson admits the
8 errors of his ways – both in doubting the Doctor and Harris.

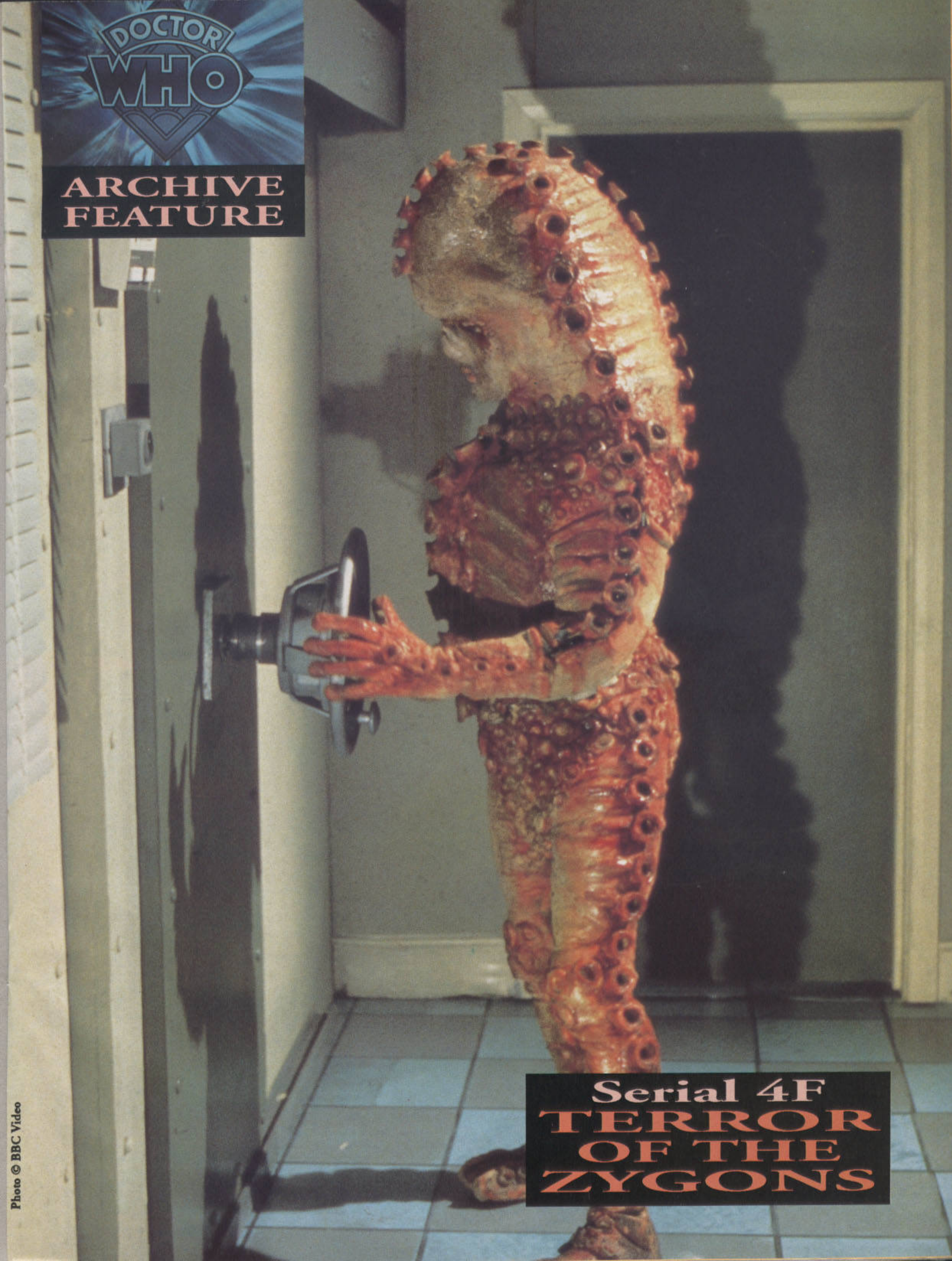
COLUMN 7

1 As Robson retires from the gathering the Doctor announces that they
2 must be leaving. Victoria's reservations have not gone unnoticed how-
ever. "You don't want to come with us do you?" the Doctor asks her.
She reluctantly tells him she'd like to stay, and the Doctor asks Mrs
Harris if she'd look after the orphaned girl. Maggie gladly agrees to
look after Victoria for as long as she'd like to stay, much to Jamie's
3 &4 chagrin. Robson and his team undertake extensive checks on the rig
5 machinery and pipes – and the friendship between Robson and the
Chief Engineer is re-established. While the Doctor goes for a swim,
6 Jamie asks Victoria about her decision to stay behind in a time and
7 place so far removed from her home. When Jamie realises her mind
is made up, he kisses his tearful friend and says goodnight.

COLUMN 8

1 & 2 On the beach the Doctor and Jamie wave goodbye to Victoria and her
3 new family before they climb into their dinghy and paddle back to the
4 TARDIS. As the girl's waving figure diminishes on the scanner screen
5 Jamie is sullen. "I was fond of her too, Jamie." mutters the Doctor.

DOCTOR WHO
FURY FROM THE DEEP
EPISODE 6



ARCHIVE FEATURE

Serial 4F

TERROR OF THE ZYGONS

Photo © BBC Video

PART ONE (drn: 21′ 41″)

Summoned two hundred and seventy million miles back to Earth by the Brigadier's use of the syonic beam, the TARDIS lands in Scotland. The Doctor, Sarah Jane Smith and Harry Sullivan hitch a ride with the local landowner, the Duke of Forgill, to the nearby village of Tullock where UNIT has set up HQ at the Fox Inn. In the last month, three oil rigs operated by the Hibernian Oil Company have been wrecked out at sea, the most recent being the Prince Charlie rig. The oil company's official, Huckle, has called UNIT in – much to the irritation of the Duke.

At Huckle's office, the Doctor learns that there was a radio blackout before each of the rigs was smashed. Sarah hears from the Fox Inn's landlord, Angus McRanald, that Tullock Moor has been the scene of strange events since 1870. Harry is driving along the shoreline when he sees Munro, a radio operator from the Prince Charlie, staggering along after being washed up on the beach. He goes to help Munro, but the pair are then attacked by the Duke of Forgill's gillie, the Caber. Using a rifle with telescopic sights, the Caber shoots Munro dead, and Harry is injured by a graze to his scalp.

Harry is admitted to the oil company sick-bay and tended to by Sister Lamont. Another radio blackout occurs, and the Ben Nevis rig is destroyed. The Doctor is shown debris from the Prince Charlie and takes a plaster cast of a strange hole in the concrete. Examining the cast at the Fox Inn, the Doctor deduces it is a huge tooth. The scene is watched secretly by alien eyes who see the Doctor as a threat.

Harry starts to come round, but when Sarah goes to ring the Doctor, something horrific advances on him. While Sarah is on the sick bay 'phone to the Fox Inn, she is confronted by an alien creature . . .

PART TWO (drn: 25′08″)

Hearing Sarah's scream, the Doctor and RSM Benton hurry to the sick bay to find only Sister Lamont. Harry and Sarah have vanished. Exploring the medical centre, the Doctor finds Sarah slumped in a decompression chamber used for company divers. Entering the chamber, the Doctor finds himself locked inside with Sarah as the creature starts to pump the air out.

Harry is brought into the control room of an alien spacecraft where he is confronted by Commander Broton, warlord of the Zygons, a race who landed on Earth centuries ago. Now that their own world has been destroyed in a stellar explosion, they aim to conquer Earth and make it suitable for their kind. Their main weapon is a huge amphibious creature called the Skarasen, an invincible cyborg.

Benton rescues the Doctor and Sarah from the decompression chamber and on returning to the Fox Inn they find that the Brigadier and his men have been put to sleep by nerve gas. The Doctor realises something wanted to pass Tullock by. Huckle enters with a small signalling device found on the rig wreckage. Watching, Broton orders that this trilanic activator is regained. Harry is taken down to the duplication area of the spaceship, where one of the Zygons demonstrates the aliens' ability to adopt the body prints of captured humans, such as Sister Lanont and the Caber.

Sarah is working alone at the Inn when 'Harry' enters, saying he is collecting the activator for the Doctor. The journalist is suspicious and gives chase, being attacked in a nearby barn by 'Harry' with a pitchfork. 'Harry' falls to his death, and changes into a Zygon, whose body is then dispersed by remote control.

The Doctor realises that the activator is vital to the aliens, and is operating. UNIT must trace the activating signal, and to give them some time the Doctor heads off in a Land Rover. On Tullock Moor, the Land Rover breaks down, and the Doctor is pursued by the Skarasen. The activator adheres to the Doctor's hand as the monster bears down on him . . .

PART THREE (drn: 24′09″)

The death of his Zygon duplicate has released Harry who enters the Zygon control room and disrupts Broton's control of the Skarasen. Contact with the creature is lost, and the Zygons assume the Doctor is dead. The Doctor has actually survived, and the Brigadier and Sarah tell him the signals came from Loch Ness.

The Doctor's group visit Forgill Castle where the Brigadier asks the Duke for permission to depth-charge the loch. Meanwhile, Angus has inadvertantly found the Zygons' spy camera in a stag's head the Duke gave him. 'Sister Lamont' turns up, recovers the monitoring devices and kills Angus. The Zygon is pursued into the woods by Benton and his men, but escapes by jeep as 'Sister Lamont'.

The Doctor has deduced that since the oil company opened, the route for the creature from Loch Ness to the North Sea has been blocked, meaning it must cross Tullock Moor. Sarah is left researching at the castle, and finds a secret passage in the library. She enters the Zygon spaceship, where she rescues the real Harry. Meanwhile, 'the Duke', 'the Caber' and 'Sister Lamont' return to the ship.

The Doctor tries to enter the Zygon ship, to be captured by Broton, who warns the Brigadier that their plans are about to flourish. UNIT depth charge the Loch, but can only watch as the spaceship, with the Doctor on board, rises from the waters and flies into the air . . .

PART FOUR (drn: 25′22″)

The Zygons operate a radar jamming device to prevent the ship being tracked as they head south. UNIT returns to its London HQ where they monitor for any signals, and get reports of a large object in the sea heading for the Thames estuary. Broton tells the Doctor that Phase One of his plan is complete, and soon Earth will be enslaved and remodelled as his home world.

In his cell, the Doctor sabotages the diastellic power systems, allowing UNIT to track the spaceship to its resting place in a Brentford quarry. By the time UNIT arrive, Broton has already left in the form of the Duke. Left for dead, the Doctor is able to release the real Duke, Caber and Lamont and set the Zygon ship to self-destruct before escaping. With Broton now the only Zygon, the Doctor and the Duke realise he is making for the first International Energy Conference at Stanbridge House, London.

At the conference, the Doctor and Sarah confront Broton in a basement, where the Zygon is shot dead by the Brigadier. Broton planted the trilanic activator on the Doctor, who goes to an upper terrace and hurls the homing device at the Skarasen as it emerges from the Thames. The creature then returns home to Loch Ness.

Returning to Scotland for the TARDIS, only Sarah will accept the Doctor's offer of a trip to London to arrive five minutes before they left . . .

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BOAR'S HEAD
TOBACCO

When he took over fully as script editor of *Doctor Who* in Spring 1974, Robert Holmes started to cast around for new writers. This was an attempt to create a different feel to the Earthbound stories helmed by his predecessor Terrance Dicks and producer Barry Letts. This feeling was echoed by the incoming producer, Philip Hinchcliffe, who was trailing Barry Letts on *Robot*. Holmes called upon old colleagues who he had written with on series for ITV. Amongst these were Robert Banks Stewart, followed by Lewis Greifer and then Dennis Spooner (who had written for and story edited *Doctor Who* in the Sixties).

Holmes knew Stewart from his days as a freelance writer in the Sixties. Stewart had been writing since the late Fifties on episodes of *Danger Man* and *Knight Errant*. He then provided scripts for *Ghost Squad* and *Top Secret* plus some early adaptions of *The Saint* and the MGM/BBC co-production *Zero-One*. Work on film series continued with episodes of *The Human Jungle* and *The Avengers* for ABC. In July 1963 he was invited to submit a storyline to *Doctor Who*, but it seems that this was never taken any further. Stewart's association with ABC continued as he wrote and edited the science fiction thriller *Undermind* in 1965, and then produced *Intrigue* in 1966. After this, he contributed stories to *Public Eye*, *Callan*, *Fraud Squad* and *Special Banch*. In the Seventies, Stewart had written episodes for *Jason King*, *Arthur of the Britons*, *New Scotland Yard*, *The Protectors* and *The Sweeney*.

After discussing several ideas with Holmes in early 1974, Stewart submitted a storyline for a six-part serial entitled *The Scecret of Loch Ness*. This was an idea which Stewart – a Scot – was particularly fond of partly because, since so little was known about the Loch Ness Monster, he had a great deal of artistic license. The writer also felt that Scotland would make an interesting location for an Earthbound story. In trying to capture the feel of an off-beat and fast-moving series, Stewart's scripts apparently ended up like an episode of *The Avengers*, with the Doctor, Sarah and Harry operating as a group of investigators pursuing bizarre eccentrics who wanted to rule the world. Holmes advised on how to restructure the story for *Doctor Who*.

Work was underway on the scripts by May 1974. The original storyline was biased very heavily towards the Loch Ness Monster, but Holmes found the principle race of aliens, the Zygons, far more interesting and pulled Stewart's story more in this direction: allowing better dialogue and more interesting characters such as Broton. The serial was also known in pre-production as *The Loch Ness Monster*, and *Doctor Who and the Zygons* before becoming *Terror of the Zygons* (although some BBC documentation refers to story incorrectly as *The Terror of the Zygons*). Some pre-publicity material in July 1975 (after the serial had been made) confusingly referred to the story as being called the *The Loch Ness Terror*.

EXIT HARRY

One decision for the end of the serial taken that year was that the character of Harry Sullivan would be changed from being a regular on the series to being another of the UNIT semi-regular roles. The part had originally been created when an older Doctor (such as Richard Hearne, Fulton Mackay or Graham Crowden) had been envisaged by the production team, with Harry thus able to handle the general rough stuff. Tom Baker's Doctor though had proved himself more than adequate to deal with these aspects, and Harry was increasingly redundant. The original plan was that Harry would leave at the end of Season Twelve.

The emphasis of UNIT in the series was being toned down, continuing a process begun in 1972 by Letts and Dicks. Hinchcliffe and Holmes were keen to remove these links to Earth altogether, a factor which Nicholas Courtney – who played Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart – became aware of. Around this time, Courtney discussed the future of his character with Hinchcliffe in the BBC Zbar. Stewart offered to be 'killed off' and make a grand exit, realising Hinchcliffe was not at ease with inheriting this post-exile format. Hinchcliffe felt this was not a suitable way to write the much-loved character out. During production of Stewart's story the following year, Courtney and John Levene, who played UNIT's RSM Benton, were to find that Tom Baker was not as easy to work with as he had been on *Robot* in late spring 1974. The actor had now found his feet as the Doctor, and was keen to develop the show to suit him, abandoning many aspects of his predecessor's era.

During 1974, plans were made regarding the shifting transmission slot of *Doctor Who* for the following year. Since November 1973, Gerry and Sylvia Anderson's Group Three company had been shooting *Space:1999*, a lavish science-fiction series, at Pinewood Studios. *Space:1999* was the most expensive television series ever, using new effects techniques and having a tie-up with the Italian TV company RAI. Trade papers in summer 1974 started to indicate that *Space:1999* was to be quite a phenomenon and a merchandise campaign would begin in spring 1975, giving saturation coverage for six months up to its ITV debut in September 1975.

A strongly rumoured slot for *Space:1999* was Saturday early evening. If the season started in September, it would run through its twenty-four weeks to March, and the debut of Season Thirteen of *Doctor Who* in the January would be unlikely to gain many viewers. Since Season Seven, *Doctor Who* had run to around twenty-six episodes per season, making its debut usually on the last Saturday of December or the first Saturday of January, and running through to June. Season Twelve would be broadcast in this manner, but then Season Thirteen would be brought forward from January 1976 to start in September 1975, and so give *Space:1999* some competition.

The planned Season Twelve was restructured from twenty-six episodes down to twenty, and the six-part Scots serial was to be rewritten as a four episode story to begin Season Thirteen. Holmes and Stewart worked together on the changes to the story, with Holmes taking on a lot of editing work. Much of the action deleted was set in the highlands of Scotland, principally because by now it was known that location filming would not take place in Scotland. Another difference in the earlier scripts was that the oil company was called Claymore Oil as opposed to the Hibernian Oil Co. Ltd.

The scheduling of the two seasons meant that there would be virtually no break in production between them. Usually *Doctor Who* started production in September, but clearly this would not be acceptable for the September 1975 debut. Recording on Season Twelve would start on *The Sontaran Experiment* in September 1974 and then follow through with *The Ark in Space* and *Revenge of the Cybermen* up to Christmas. After a short break, work resumed in the second week of January on *Genesis of the Daleks* (*Robot* having been shot alongside *Planet of the Spiders* the previous spring). The Dalek serial concluded production in the last week of February, and after a fortnight's break, *Terror of the Zygons* would start filming, followed immediately by the next three serials of Season Thirteen. By then – after a nearly solid eleven month schedule – the crew would be sufficiently ahead of themselves to allow a three week holiday before making the final two stories for Season Thirteen.

The director that Hinchcliffe wanted for the story was Douglas Camfield. He had not worked on *Doctor Who* since 1970, when he had collapsed with a heart flutter during *Inferno*. Although *Doctor Who* was a series he enjoyed working on and was proud to be associated with, Camfield's wife, actress Sheila Dunn, had realised that it was also one of the most taxing and strenuous. For these reasons, Camfield had promised not to work on *Doctor Who* again. The script offered by Hinchcliffe appeared to be too good an opportunity to pass over though, so he broke his vows and returned to the series. It is believed that the director helped with some of the rewrites on Stewart's scripts alongside Holmes.

The set designer on the serial was Nigel Curzon – his only *Doctor Who* assignment, although he had been one of Ray Cusick's assistants in the Sixties. Make-up was handled – as it had been on many stories back to the Troughton era – by Sylvia James whilst James Acheson (who had designed many bizarre creations for several stories since *The Mutants* in 1972) was in charge of costume supervision. Stewart's visions of the Zygons had been basically as scaly creatures, in keeping with their underwater nature. Acheson hit upon the idea of an embryo-like alien, taken from the references in the script to the Zygons' dependence on the Skarasen's lactic fluids (ie milk) for their survival. After constructing a model of how he envisaged the foetal Zygons, Acheson developed his ideas with effects designer John Friedlander. Friedlander was responsible for design of the face and cranium of the creature.

Three Zygons costumes were made: Broton and two others. The suits came in two main pieces. The legs were a pair of trousers with a high waist, held up with braces and worn over a large pair of high platform shoes (the generally hidden join between legs and body being most evident when Broton dies in Part Four). The main body and head were then another section, with a fastening down the right side of the large nodules running down the chest. There were holes in the cranium for the actors' eyes and mouth. A pair of gloves covered with similar nodules completed the outfit.

Photo © BBC Video

Acheson gave the Zygons a transluscent quality, with an option to have lights set inside the large headpiece and extended rib cage. As it turned out, there was then a problem of having the lights connected to a power supply to make the Zygons' pulse with light and so this facility of the outfits was never used.

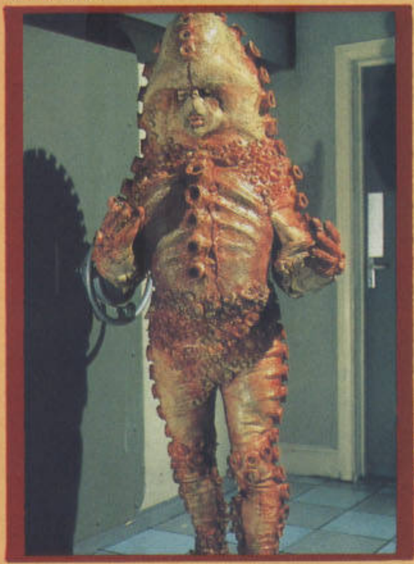

Photo © BBC Video

SOLVING THE MYSTERY

A good proportion of the budget for the serial was allocated to filmed model sequences involving collapsing oil rigs, alien space ships and the Skarasen. These were handled by John Horton, a visual effects designer who had worked on *Doctor Who* since *Spearhead from Space*. Two models of the Skarasen were made. The first, created by an external effects company, was a jointed and articulated three-foot long figure which could be used for stop-motion animation. This was an extremely time consuming and expensive process, but was to be used for the various scenes of the Skarasen crossing Tullock Moor in Part Two.

Another model of the Skarasen was made to be filmed in real-time, and was effectively a glove puppet of the neck and head section, complete with working eyelid mechanisms and rolling eyes, as seen in close-ups during Part Two where a UNIT soldier is killed. This Skarasen model was filmed 'underwater' passing by the camera in close-up for Part One, hiding the full creature and concentrating on its scaled hide. A similar shot, but showing the whole creature, appeared in Part Two as Broton talked to Harry about the 'ultimate weapon'. Unfortunately, the stop-motion work with the Loch Ness Monster made it appear to move very jerkily and look quite comical. It was decided that the use of these shots would be kept to an absolute minimum, and new material concerning the use of nerve gas on the Brigadier and his men during Part Two was created to cover the lack of material on the moors.

The destruction of the Prince Charlie rig in the Waverley Field at the start of Part One was achieved using a model of the oil drilling platform, constructed of polystyrene, styrofoam and balsawood, standing in a tank of water. Shot with a night-time backdrop, the model incorporated a variety of lights and a motorised radar antennae. Close-ups of the legs showed the structure crumbling under attack from the unseen menace, and finally the model was seen to explode. Because the break-up shot had worked first time, a second rig model was left intact, and was used during recording of Part One as the model admired by the Brigadier in Huckle's office.

Two models were also made of the Zygons' spacecraft, both about three foot in diameter and constructed from polystyrene and plasticard over a basic wooden frame. The main model was used in sequences of the vessel rising up out of Loch Ness and landing at the quarry near Brentford in Parts Three and Four respectively, with photographic blow-up backgrounds of the corresponding locations used on the model sets. The model was also filmed starting its take-off underwater, kicking up the bed of the loch in Part Three. One of the models was blown up for the self-destruct scene in Part Four, whilst the other was to appear on location and later in studio effects sequences.

Filming took place on location during the third week of March 1975. Nicholas Courtney and John Levene rejoined Tom Baker, Elisabeth Sladen and Ian Marter for filming, having last worked on *Doctor Who* the previous June with *Robot*. Several members of the guest cast were needed for location filming. Playing the dual roles of the Duke of Forgill and the Zygon warlord Broton was John Woodnutt, an actor who had appeared in *Doctor Who* before as George Hibbert in *Spearhead from Space* Episodes 2 to 4 and beneath a mask as the Draconian Emperor in *Frontier in Space* Episode Five. Robert Russell, cast as the gillie nicknamed 'the Caber' had been a guard in the last two episodes of *The Power of the Daleks*. In addition to Lillias Walker, Hugh Martin and Peter Symons (who appeared as a UNIT soldier on film only), five walk-ons were hired to play non-speaking UNIT soldiers and a couple of Zygons, with only one Zygon costume needed for filming.

Although glad to be directing another story involving UNIT – an organisation which he had helped establish in *The Invasion* – Camfield was disappointed that the original UNIT outfits had been replaced with a 'softer' uniform, more akin to regular army issue. Two UNIT vehicles were hired and given the organisation's logo for the serial. The first vehicle was a Land Rover, driven by Harry in Part One, the Doctor in Part Two and the Brigadier in Parts Three and Four. The second was a jeep, a rare excursion for UNIT who normally used only Land Rovers. The jeep featured in Parts One and Four when driven by Benton, and Part Three when driven by both the Brigadier and Benton.

The weather was an awkard mix of sunny periods and spring showers which caused rescheduling on location. For the opening scenes of Part One and the closing scenes of Part Four, the Doctor wore his heavy overcoat seen in *The Sontaran Experiment* and *Genesis of the Daleks*. In the first scene of the TARDIS landing, only the TARDIS noise would have been heard with the Doctor, Sarah and Harry emerging from nowhere into the woodland hillside. Because of a faulty fusion plate, the TARDIS was invisible, so the Doctor darted back inside to rectify the problem. On emerging he now wore a tam o'shanter and a tartan scarf, giving his floppy hat to Sarah and his normal scarf to Harry. The Doctor then produced a futuristic compass and set off tracing the syonic signal sent by UNIT, knowing that they had arrived in Scotland. The regular cast retained this arrangement of clothing for the scene in which they were given a lift by the Duke in his red Range Rover and subsequently dropped off at UNIT's temporary HQ.

To show the Doctor's party leaving and entering the invisible TARDIS, double exposure of the film was used with a split-screen effect. The right half of the film was masked off, whilst the other filmed the travellers crossing from the right half of the frame to the left half. The film was then rewound in ►

◄ the camera and then shot again with the left half of the picture masked, this time shooting the empty woodlands on the right half of the film (the same technique Camfield had used in 1968 for a similar scene in *The Invasion*). It was found during editing that the changes in lighting from the temperamental spring weather had rendered the invisible TARDIS scene unusable, and this was all deleted from Part One.

SCOTLAND?

For the closing scene of Part Four, Ian Marter wore the formal Surgeon-Lieutenant's uniform which he had sported in *Robot* and Nicholas Courtney donned Highland dress including a kilt woven from the tartan of the clan Stewart. The woodlands were also the location used for the hunting of the Zygon (referred to as Olra) that had killed Angus in Part Three. One of the extras wore a Zygon outfit on location to be seen briefly moving through the trees.

Charlton, some miles north of Chichester in West Sussex, was used to appear as the village of Tullock, with the local pub (which is now called *The Fox Goes Free*) having the sign 'The Fox Inn – Tullock' erected on its side. Very little had to be done to redress the hamlet as a Scots village, aside from removing the Sussex roadsigns. Scenes filmed here included the arrival of Benton by jeep in Part One, the escape of the fake Harry and his subsequent chase by Sarah and the UNIT soldiers in Part Two and the Doctor in the Land Rover at the end of Part Two. On the outskirts of the village, a barn was found for the attack on Sarah by the Zygon Harry in Part Two. An extra in the Zygon costume was seen briefly as Madra, the Zygon in its true form. A cross-fade in film editing made Madra disappear as Broton activiated molecular dispersal of the corpse.

For the sequences of Hugh Martin as Munro getting washed up on the sands in Part One, the coastline and sand dunes just off the Climping Golf Course between Littlehampton and Bognor Regis were used. For the scene where Munro and Harry are shot, a crosswire mask was fitted to the film camera, showing the Caber's point of view as he took aim.

Also filmed on the outskirts of the village were the scenes of the UNIT soldier being killed in Part Two and the Doctor's dash across the moorlands at the end of the same episode. Some mobile offices nearby were dressed with signs reading 'Hibernian Oil Co. Ltd. Sick Bay' for the sequence in Part One where the Doctor examined the debris from the Prince Charlie rig.

A quarry in Littlehampton provided both the landing spot for the Zygon spacecraft (supposedly near Brentford) in Part Four and a lake which was ideal for the depth charge scenes at the end of Part Three. A notable aspect of the scripting for the scenes shot here was that the Prime Minister referred to by the Brigadier was female. This was apparently a last-minute change to script as a topical comment since, the previous month, Margaret Thatcher had become leader of the Conservative Party. At this point, the UNIT stories in *Doctor Who* were apparently set in or around 1980 (according to Sarah in the later story, *Pyramids of Mars*). The production team's prediction of a woman as Prime Minister five years hence came true in 1979 when Thatcher was elected to power.

For the scenes of the fake Duke and later the Doctor's group leaving the Zygon vessel, the second of the two model craft was taken on location and mounted close to the camera for a false perspective shot. It was thus possible for Woodnutt, jumping down from a ridge and then walking away, to appear to be emerging from the escape hatch. Again both UNIT's jeep and Land Rover were in evidence as the Brigadier's men arrived. For the lakeside scenes of Part Three, visual effects provided a depth charge launcher and triggered a couple of explosions in the lake that stood in for Loch Ness.

Apart from the lines spoken by Broton, all the Zygon dialogue was pre-recorded in advance of the studio recordings by Lillias Walker and Robert Russell. This meant that the Zygons spoke with a voice similar to the human whose form they adopted.

INTO STUDIO

The first studio recording session for *Terror of the Zygons* was on Monday 7th and Tuesday 8th April in TC3 at Television Centre. There had been around a fortnight of rehearsals prior to this, and after camera rehearsals on set in the morning and afternoon, each studio day culminated in recording from 7.30pm to 10.00pm. Joining the cast were Canadian actor Tony Sibbald as Huckle and Scottish actor Angus Lennie as Angus Ferguson McRanald, the innkeeper of the Fox Inn. Lennie, then best known as the cook in ATV's soap *Crossroads*, had previously appeared in *Doctor Who* as Storr in *The Ice Warriors* One to Four. Bruce Wightman who appeared briefly as the radio operator on Ben Nevis rig had been cast in *Doctor Who* by Camfield twice before, firstly as William de Tornebu in *The Crusade* (*The Lion* and *The Knight of Jaffa*) and then as the cricket commentator Scott, in *The Daleks' Master Plan: Volcano*. Keith Ashley who played a Zygon had made a credited appearance as a Dalek Operator in *Genesis of the Daleks* Episodes Three to Six a month or so earlier, but had played walk-on parts for many years. The second Zygon, Ronald Gough, had also appeared in many uncredited roles, with *Terror of the Zygons* being his first on-screen credit. Bernard G. High who played a UNIT corporal in Part Two had previously been cast by Camfield as a soldier in *The Web of Fear* Episode 1.

Generally, only one episode was recorded in each studio day, and all of Part One was taped on Monday 7th. The scenes were taped largely in set order. The sequences in the radio room on the Prince Charlie rig were done first, with the camera being moved about to indicate its destruction. This was followed by most of the scenes in The Fox Inn, with Tom Baker initially in his tam o'shanter and tartan scarf and Nicholas Courtney wearing his kilt. As some scenes between Sarah and Angus were recorded, both Baker and Courtney changed into their more usual clothes.

Taped bagpipe music was used on Part One. Two minutes eight seconds of Bob Murphy playing *Strathspey Reel* was used as the Brigadier and Huckle awaited the arrival of the Doctor. This was followed later by thirty seconds of Murphy's rendering of *Flowers of the Forest*, again supposedly played out of vision by Angus McRanald. On this occasion, the Doctor actually referred to the melody by name, telling Sarah it was a lament for the dead as he worked on his anti-jamming circuitry. A key prop in the Fox Inn set was the stag's head, one eye of which could roll around in Part Three and finally be removed to leave a hollow socket.

Recorded next were the scenes at Huckle's office. Another small radio room represented the Ben Nevis rig in a brief scene as contact was lost with Hibernian Control, just prior to its destruction. After this came the scenes in the Sickbay ward (which also had to have an exterior 'set' around the window for the Doctor to look out of in Part Two) and then the intercut scenes of Sarah and the Doctor talking on telephone, leading up to the appearance of Keith Ashley in Zygon costume at the end of the instalment.

At the end of the evening came the three sequences on the Zygon Control Deck. These scenes were scheduled last for two reasons. First of all, with John Woodnutt's scene as the Duke recorded at the start of the evening, he could then be made up as Broton for the last few shots. Secondly, the scenes involved Broton and the other Zygon watching events at The Fox Inn on a scanner screen (courtesy of CSO) and it was easier to have these sequences already taped. Recorded material of Sarah and Angus discussing the moor and the Doctor talking about the Skarasen from earlier in the evening were placed on the irregular blue CSO screen, which was crossed with strange veins. In these scenes, all the shots of the Zygons were in extreme close-up of Broton's eyes, or of the creatures manipulating their control panels, thus allowing the shock revelation of the full creature at the end of Part One. The Zygon Control Deck used very harsh lighting in reds and greens to add to the strange underwater atmosphere. It featured two entrances, the one to the left of the set being an upwards sliding transluscent door (as throughout the rest of the ship), and also the emergency exit which was a two-layer sliding door to the right of the control area. The main entrance was situated next to a strange object that operated the door by a vacuum mechanism, with one of the nodules later being broken off by the Caber in Part Four.

On Tuesday 8th there were no such scheduling problems around Woodnutt's costume changes, since the actor appeared principally as Broton in Part Two. The first scenes were those in the inn and for the scene in which the Brigadier and the Corporal were overcome by nerve gas, dry ice smoke was seen to waft in through the far door. For his appearance as both the fake and real Harry, Ian Marter was given a wound across his left temple, indicating where the Caber's bullet had grazed him. The Zygon's trilanic activator was seen to move by itself across the table at the Fox Inn, achieved by the use of magnets from beneath the table top.

Next came all the sequences in the sickbay and decompression chamber, with a couple of short scenes being cut from the finished episode for timing reasons. One of these was a shot of the telephone swinging on its cord out in the corridor to establish the situation at the sickbay. The second had the Zygon reporting to Broton over a transmitter that the Doctor and Sarah were dying in the decompression chamber. When the Doctor hypnotised Sarah, a misted lens was used to show the Doctor staring at the journalist from her point of view.

The scenes on the Zygon Control Deck were recorded next. All three Zygons appeared in Part Two. Again, pre-recorded sequences from other sets appeared on the Zygon's monitor screen courtesy of CSO, such as the Doctor tending to the Corporal whilst Huckle showed him the trilanic activator, Sarah being left alone at the Fox Inn and the Brigadier ordering a hunt for bugs. After this, the cameras moved to the spaceship corridor down which Harry was taken, and then the Bodyprint Area where Sister Lamont, the Caber and the Duke were standing motionless in alcoves. A short scene of Harry making for the Zygon Control Deck after the death of Madra was deleted for timing reasons, but after this had been taped the roll-back-and-mix effect of the Zygon changing into the Caber was recorded. The Zygon and the Caber were both recorded on a CSO set and placed against a background of the Bodyprint Area, with the image of the Zygon being defocussed, overlaid with effects from a colour synthesiser to make it turn red and then fading to a slowly focussing shot of Robert Russell. Because these effects needed a lot of time to line up, most CSO material was left until the end of the evening. The final shot scheduled for that evening was an insert of the Skarasen being CSOed into the Zygon scanner screen, which opened in front of Broton and Harry, although since this was remounted in the next studio session, the effect was either unsatisfactory, or recording had over-run its 10pm deadline.

Another fortnight of rehearsal followed leading up to the second studio session. This was to be held over Tuesday 22nd and Wednesday 23rd April in TC4 and concentrate on Parts Three and Four. Tuesday 22nd April was largely spent on Part Three, beginning with the scenes on the Zygon Control Deck with Woodnutt in his Zygon costume, including CSO shots for the scanner screen. After this came the scene in Forgill Castle where Broton confronted the Brigadier, Sarah and Harry, followed by the remount of the scene from Part Two in which Harry and Broton watched the Skarasen on the main screen. This scene completed, Woodnutt then went to change to complete the episode as 'the Duke'. The next scene to be recorded was that of Harry and Sarah searching Forgill Castle in Part Four, meaning that this set would not be needed for the final studio day.

The action then switched to the Fox Inn which required the CSO roll-back-and-mix insert of Sister Lamont turning into the Zygon for the scene in which Angus was killed. In Part Three, Lennie played the bagpipes off screen with an unknown gaelic tune. After this, the surviving model of the Zygon spaceship was placed against the CSO background to be dropped into a film sequence of skyline as it sped away at the end of Part Three.

Following this effects shot, recording continued on scenes in the hall of Forgill Castle, with Woodnutt now in human form. A photo of a castle taken by J. Allan Cash was used as a caption slid to establish Forgill Castle. The interior scenes showed the sliding bookcase built into the right hand side of the hall set that led immediately into a small passageway down to the Zygon ship. The last scenes showed the sliding bookcase built into the right hand side of the hall set that led immediately into a small passageway down to the Zygon ship. The last scenes of the evening were those in the corridors, cell area and Bodyprint Area of the Zygon spaceship involving Sarah and Harry, plus a CSO shot where Sladen was placed into a downward sloping rock corridor that led down to the spaceship.

The final studio day began again with the scenes of Broton on the Zygon spaceship Control Deck, then in the conference centre cellar where the Brigadier shoots Broton, and finally for the sequences where Broton confronts the Doctor in the spaceship cell. With the start of the scene in which Broton turned into the Duke recorded, Woodnutt was then able to go and change. Meanwhile, the scenes at the UNIT laboratory in London were recorded, followed by the CSO shots of the Doctor, Sarah and Harry on the balcony of Stanbridge House overlooking the Thames. For a couple of shots, the Skarasen puppet was brought into the studio and manipulated against a CSO backdrop, and then placed into shot so it emerged from some filmed material of the Thames.

With Woodnutt back in his Duke's outfit, taping picked up from the cell room scenes, starting with Broton's transformation into a human form. For the scene where the Doctor channelled the diastellic power through himself, a series of blue lights and sparks were superimposed over a shot of Baker. After this came the escape sequences from the Zygon spacecraft, for which the real Duke now wore his overcoat and formal clothes as opposed to his plus fours and waistcoat seen in the earlier episodes. In this sequence, the self-destruct mechanism was seen to pulsate with an inner light when activated, and coloured liquid was forced up three clear tubes from the main unit. Next came the scenes of the fake Duke in the conference centre and the UNIT team arriving in the corridors at the conference. The conference itself was never seen on screen, and was indicated by the appropriate sound effects.

As on previous occasions, Camfield refrained from hiring composer Dudley Simpson, and instead went for a score composed by Geoffrey Burgon. Burgon prepared about thirty-eight minutes of music which was performed by five musicians. The score was essentially conventional (using percussion, flute and cello amongst others) with a couple of electronic enhancements added later by the Radiophonic Workshop.

Photo © BBC Video

Photo © BBC Video

The BBC's new Autumn season was heavily previewed, including *Doctor Who*. After a compilation repeat of *The Ark in Space* on Wednesday 20th August at 7.45pm, announcer Ray Moore narrated a trailer for the BBC's new medical drama *Angels*, the police drama *Softly, Softly: Task Force*, the US cop show *Kojak* and *Doctor Who*'s *Terror of the Zygons*. Extracts from Part One were shown with the eyes of the Zygons watching the Doctor in the Fox Inn talking about "a monster of frightening size and power", intercut with shots of the model Prince Charlie rig being destroyed. A few days later over the Summer Bank Holiday, Tom Baker was the host of *Disney Time* where he appeared in costume as the Doctor, landing the TARDIS outside the Odeon Cinema, St. Martin's Lane in London to review the latest batch of Disney releases and re-releases before commenting that he had to head off to help the Brigadier.

Radio Times commissioned Frank Bellamy to produce a piece of *Doctor Who* artwork for the debut of *Terror of the Zygons* (30th August – 5th September, 1975). This colour piece of the Doctor and the Skarasen was printed along with a two page item called *Still Water* by Anthony Haden-Guest. The article did not cover *Doctor Who* itself, but looked at the legend of the Loch Ness Monster. The programme listing for Part One was graced with another Bellamy drawing showing the Doctor in tam o'shanter, a collapsing oil rig and a giant eye. The serial was shown over four consecutive Saturdays at 5.45pm on BBC1, apart from Part Four which was screened at 5.20pm because of BBC coverage of *The Last Night of the Proms*.

The ratings for the serial were a drop on what had been attained during Season Twelve, but the audience appreciation figures were an improvement. Part One had been transmitted as the debut evening of the BBC's Autumn Season, a week prior to ITV's new line-up of shows. This Saturday night scheduling of *Doctor Who, The Generation Game, Saturday Night at the Movies, The Dick Emery Show, Match of the Day* and *Parkinson* as a winning formula which was to stand the BBC in good stead for some years. Competition for *Doctor Who* on Saturday 30th August came from lightweight variety such as *Summer Show* on most regions with ATV airing a rerun of *The Protectors* and Yorkshire broadcasting Hanna-Barbera's *Wait Till Your Father Gets Home*. The viewing figures dropped sharply for Part Two to barely over six million. A ►

main reason for this was that in the London region, *Doctor Who* now only had a five minute lead on *Space:1999*, with the first episode *Breakaway* offering science fiction on a budget far above what the BBC could offer. Other regions had not followed LWT's lead, and instead ran the new serials on Thursday nights. Whilst ATV screened the western *Bearcats!*, most other ITV regions opted to screen familiar and often rather old Western movies such as *Distant Drums* or *Blood on the Arrow*. The audiences did not warm to *Space:1999* in London (nor the cowboy heroes elsewhere), and by Part Three, the two million viewers had been regained.

The novelisation of the story was announced in late 1975 as *Doctor Who Meets the Loch Ness Monster*, but was finally published in January 1976 as *Doctor Who and the Loch Ness Monster*. The adaptation, written by Terrance Dicks, was faithful to the original scripts and so included the invisible TARDIS scene, plus the brief scene with the Zygon reporting to Broton from the sick bay. Published simultaneously in hardback by Allan Wingate and in paperback by Target, the book sported a colourful cover of the Doctor, the Skarasen and a Zygon from Chris Achilleos. In 1978, it was reprinted with a green logo instead of a blue one, and was numbered Book 40 in the Target Library from 1983. *Doctor Who and the Loch Ness Monster* was one of three books which appeared in a Book Club Associates publication entitled *The Doctor Who Omnibus* in 1977. The book was also published in the USA by Pinnacle Books in June 1979. As Book Number 6 in the America set; it had a new cover drawn by David Mann which showed a Zygon, the Skarasen, Forgill Castle and a spaceship leaving the loch. Around 1981, the story was also read onto a three hour talking book for the blind by Gabriel Woolf (who played Sutekh in *Pyramids of Mars*). The original book cover was part of Doctor Who Portfolio No. 1 issued by Titan Books in May 1986. Retitled *Doctor Who – Terror of the Zygons*, the paperback was reissued by Target in March 1993 with a cover painting from Alister Pearson.

Australia purchased the story in May 1976 and screened it uncut with a 'G' Rating. In 1978, *Terror of the Zygons* was part of a package of ninety-eight Tom Baker episodes sold in the US by Time Life. Each episode was edited slightly to allow for commercials in a thirty-minute slot and had additional narration by Howard daSilva. In the Eighties, Lionheart distributed uncut prints in North America, and the serial is also syndicated in the form of a one hour thirty-two minute TV Movie.

The Zygons featured in further merchandise, even if they did not return to the TV series (aside from a clip in *Logopolis* Part Four and a suggested cameo in the last two episodes of *Shada* which was never recorded). In 1978, Whitman brought out a set of four jigsaws under the title *Enemies of Doctor Who*, one of which was a painting showing The Zygons emerging from their crippled space ship beneath Loch Ness. Fine Art Castings issued a model Zygon in their 85mm range in early 1985.

Doctor Who Sound Effects No. 19, an LP and cassette of Radiophonic Workshop sounds issued in May 1979 by BBC Records contained *Zygon Spaceship Control Centre*. The same record formed part of *Doctor Who Collectors Edition* issued for the American market in 1982.

The serial was shown on Super Channel around 1988 and has since been transmitted on UK Gold during September 1993. *Terror of the Zygons* was first issued on video in Australia in 1987 as a ninety-two minute compilation, and was first released in the UK as a compilation on Monday 21st November 1988 as part of the show's silver anniversary celebrations. All four episodes are retained on their original two-inch videotape at the BBC Film and Videotape Archives.

Andrew Pixley

Photo © BBC Video

TERROR OF THE ZYGONS
SERIAL 4F
CAST

Tom Baker (*Dr. Who*) with Hugh Martin (*Munro*) [1], Elisabeth Sladen (*Sarah Jane Smith*), Ian Marter (*Harry Sullivan*), John Woodnutt (*Duke of Forgill*)†, John Levene (*RSM Benton*), Tony Sibbald (*Huckle*) [1-2], Nicholas Courtney (*Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart*), Angus Lennie (*Angus*) [1,3], Robert Russell (*The Caber*), Bruce Wightman (*Radio Operator*) [1], Lillias Walker (*Sister Lamont*), Keith Ashley (*Zygon*), John Woodnutt (*Broton*) [2-4]†, Bernard G. High (*Corporal*) [2], Ronald Gough (*Zygon*) [2-4], Peter Symonds (*Soldier*) [3].

†*Radio Times* credits John Woodnutt as 'Duke of Forgill' on Part One, 'Broton' on Parts Two/Three and both roles on Part Four. All on-screen credits read 'Duke of Forgill'.

EXTRAS

James Muir, Barry Summerford (*Private Jackson/UNIT Soldier*); Rowland Geall, Patrick Ginter, David Selby (*UNIT Corporal/UNIT Soldier/Zygon*); Robert Russell, Lillias Walker (*Zygon Voices*); Alan Clements, Barry Summerford (*UNIT Soldiers at Conference*).

CREDITS

Written by Robert Banks Stewart. Production Unit Manager: George Gallaccio. Production Assistant: Edwina Craze. Title Music by Ron Grainer & BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Incidental Music by Geoffrey Burgon. Special Sound: Dick Mills. Costume Designer: James Acheson. Make-up: Sylvia James. Visual Effects Designer: John Horton. Studio Lighting: John Dixon. Studio Sound: Michael McCarthy. Film Cameraman: Peter Hall. Film Sound: John Tellick. Film Editor: Ian McKendrick. Script Editor: Robert Holmes. Designer: Nigel Curzon. Producer: Philip Hinchcliffe. Directed by Douglas Camfield. BBC © 1975.

BROADCAST DETAILS

Part 1	30th August, 1975	5.45pm-6.10pm
Part 2	6th September, 1975	5.45pm-6.10pm
Part 3	13th September, 1975	5.45pm-6.10pm
Part 4	20th September, 1975	5.20pm-5.45pm

Viewing Figures:
Part One: 8.4M (29th), Part Two: 6.1M (61st), Part Three: 8.2M (32nd), Part Four: 7.2M (45th).

Audience Appreciation:
Part One: 59%, Part Three: 54%. No figures recorded for Parts Two or Four.

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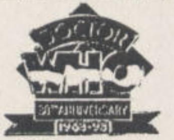

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Brief Encounter

Down to Earth

"Table for one," she said. The waiter gave her a familiar, almost condescending, smile. Liz Shaw thought nothing of it as she sat down to eat. People generally pictured her looking after an elderly relative long after her younger brothers and sisters had flown the nest, made careers, got married. She caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror; forty-something, primly dressed, she fitted the role perfectly. She allowed herself a wry grin and ordered an expresso. It's my choice, she told herself. Like Bernard Shaw said, if you want to be single-minded, be single.

A young couple sat opposite her, laughing and holding hands. The girl wore a cream PVC jacket and a matching floppy hat. Liz suppressed a laugh as she remembered her Seventies wardrobe. It all came round, after all. Those days were probably the best of her life, and that had been her undoing. She had sacrificed almost everything to regain what she had once had, as a scientist and as a human being. Since the business with the Nestenes, her work for UNIT had found her new challenges and new friends.

And that was when she learned it was as good as it was ever going to get.

"Do you mind if I join you, dear lady?" The man speaking to her had a roguish smile, an unruly mop of dark curly hair and wore a shapeless grey coat trimmed with velvet. Eccentric, but probably harmless. She could probably do with a bit of colour in her life.

"Er no, please help yourself," she heard herself say, and in an instant the stranger seated himself with all the good-natured grace of a schoolboy hefting a satchel. He smiled again, producing a crumpled brown paper bag from an inside pocket.

"Many thanks. Would you care for a jelly baby? It's about that time of day, you know?" Before she had a chance to reply, the waiter appeared as if by magic, leaning authoritively over the table.

"Excuse me sir, but we simply do not allow – "

"As Doctor Johnson once told me, a man who is tired of jelly babies is tired of life. Or was it Sophocles? Great memory for faces, but names . . . "

Ten minutes later, having been forcibly ejected from the restaurant, they strolled arm-in-arm along Charing Cross Road. She had laughed out loud as the stranger made verbal mincemeat of the angry manager sent to deal with the 'problem'. There was something appealing about his disregard for authority. And there was something about him which you could trust. Something familiar.

"Aha," he said, suddenly propelling her into a side street. "I'd forgotten just how many bookshops there were in this neck of the woods. Have you ever read Gnaard's *History of the Spiral Arm?* Fascinating stuff. I – "

"I – I must be getting back to work," Liz protested, trying to extricate herself. But the stranger would have none of it, rummaging through a pile of second-hand paperbacks like a man possessed. They were starting to attract odd looks from tourists and passers-by, but he either didn't know, or didn't care. Liz looked anxiously at her watch. The stranger looked up, frowning comically.

"It's been nice meeting you, Mister, ah, but I have to go back. You do understand . . . "

"Oh, my poor dear Liz. You have more degrees than the Fahrenheit scale, and you still don't get it do you? There's more to life than Bunsen burners and little white coats, and it's time you learned that." Liz found herself staring at him as the truth finally sank in. It al came round, after all . . .

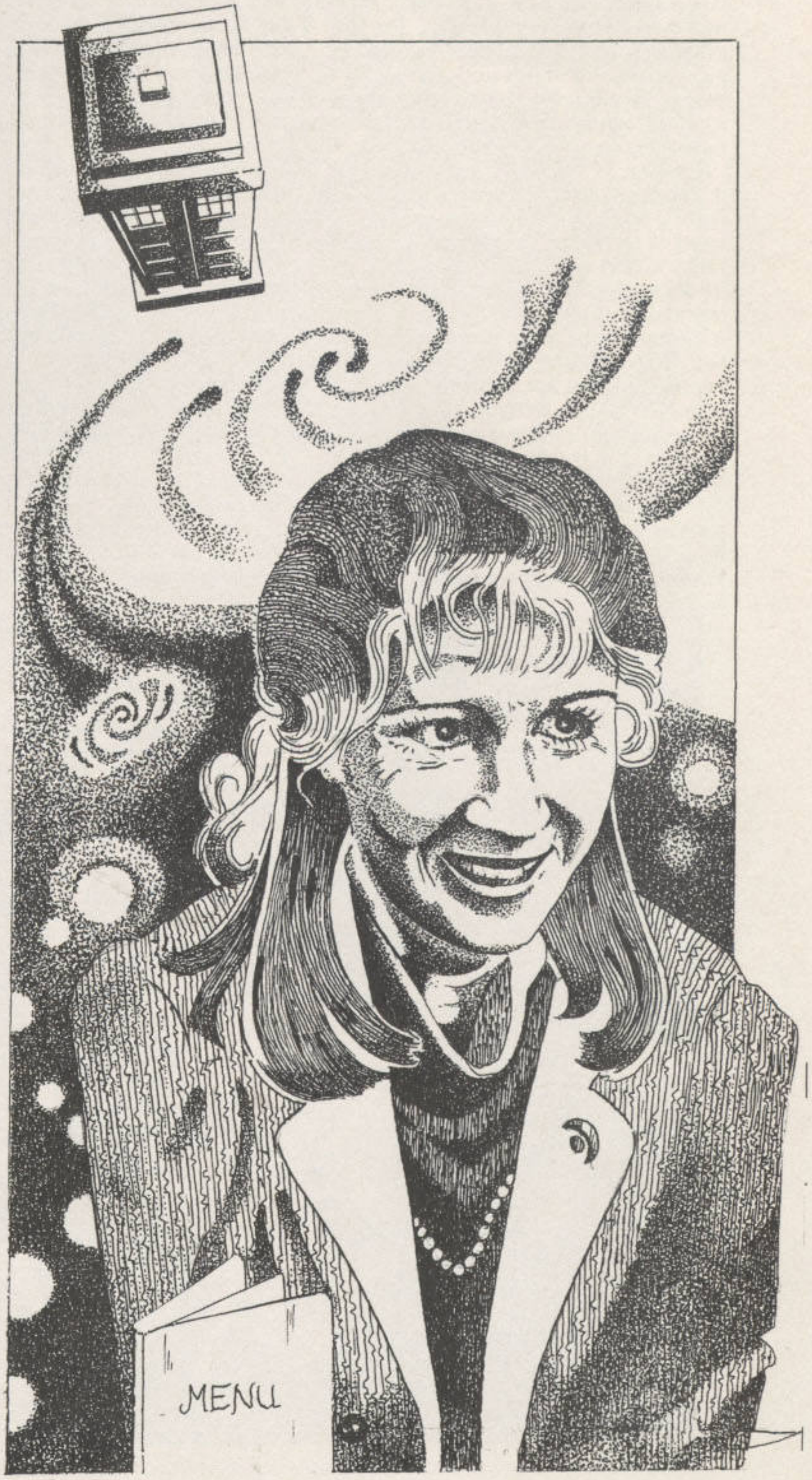
"I blame myself to some extent. Never was much of a fellow for goodbyes, you see, but in my line of business you can always look up old friends." His eyes twinkled as his face broke into a broad grin; she felt herself crying tears of joy. "Rumours of death, and all that."

They rushed along Whitehall, hoping to make it to St. James's Park before the rain started. They could spare her in the afternoon, but even if they couldn't they would damn well have to. And a few more afternoons in the foreseeable future to boot. They reached the blue Police Box, positioned incongruously under a willow tree by the swan enclosure. He unlocked the front door and stood to one side.

"Never did take you for a spin, did I?"

Popping another jelly baby into her mouth, she took his hand and stepped inside.

David Jackson



The Rosemariners

Back in DWMs 191 and 192, Sixties *Who* script editor Donald Tosh revealed that after leaving the show he proposed a script during the Troughton era. Donald has now finished the storyline exclusively for DWM and we now, with the invaluable help of Andrew Evans, present *The Rosemariners . . .*

At the end of January 1966, I left *Doctor Who* unhappily. Not only was one's ego badly bruised by the cavalier way in which one was personally pushed aside but, more importantly, there was a deep sense of frustration. The programme's development, as conceived by producer John Wiles and myself, of a more intelligent, less mechanical approach was being dismissed and thwarted at every turn.

However, by the beginning of 1968 I felt it was time to bury hatchets and mend fences; so I approached the production team of Derrick Sherwin and Terrance Dicks to find out if they were in the market for stories. They were kind and generous and assured me that anything I submitted would be given serious consideration. At the time we spoke there can have been no reason for them to know that when I was able to deliver my material they would be searching for a new Doctor and having to develop a radical change in style and form.

From notes made at the time, the companions were to have been Jamie (played by Frazer Hines) and Victoria (Deborah Watling), but I suspect that this would have had to be changed as by the time I delivered the material; Zoe (played by Wendy Padbury) was in the offing. One of the real pleasures of the chance to write for the programme again was the opportunity to work with Patrick Troughton. He was an actor for whom I held the greatest respect and admiration. He was a 'listening' actor of great presence; a master at putting across changes of mood, feeling or thought with the lightest of touches. Whereas Bill Hartnell had latterly become dogmatic, almost hectoring, Troughton was positive, subtle and warm.

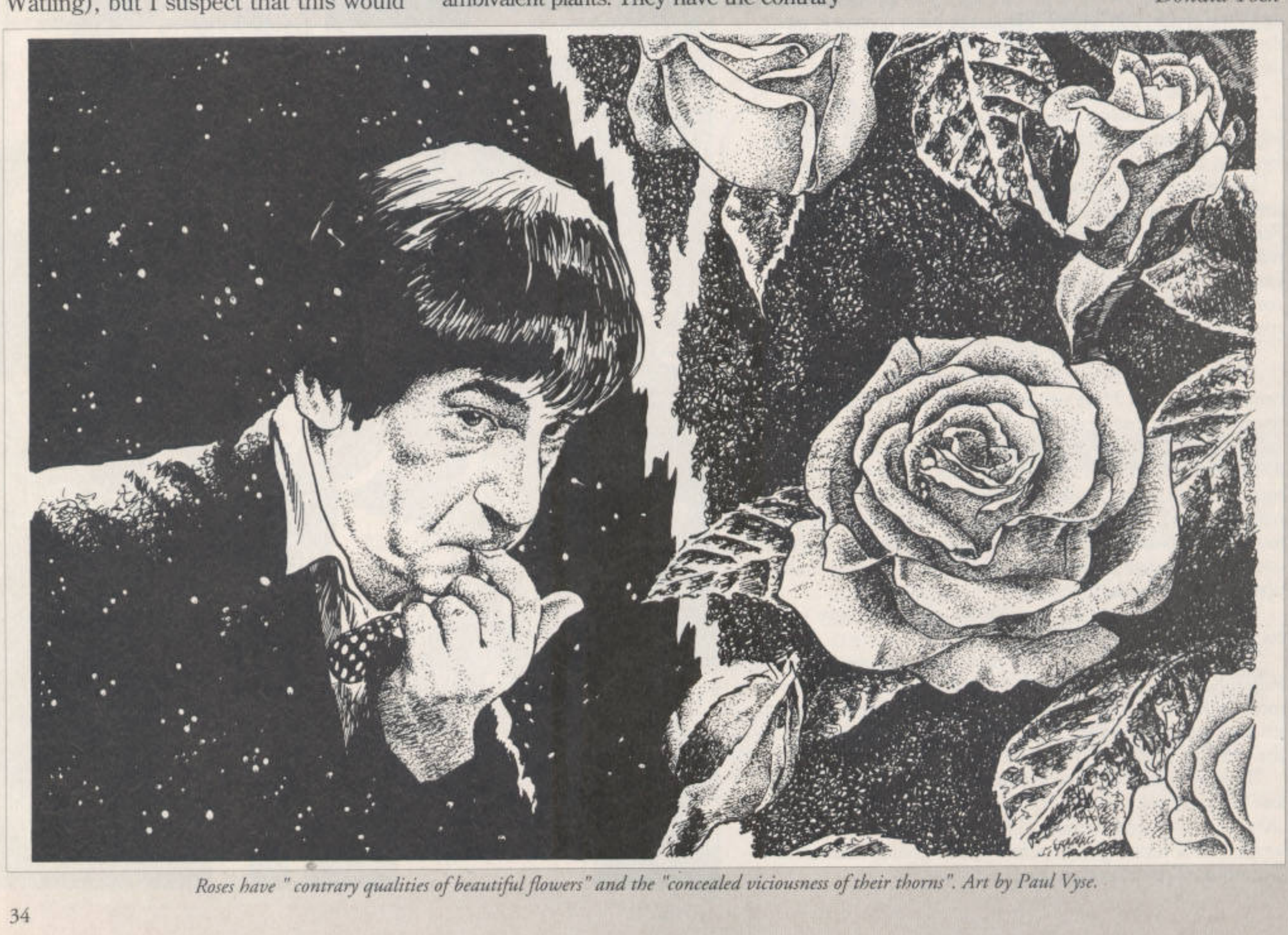
Unfortunately between talking with Sherwin and Dicks and being able to concentrate on *The Rosemariners*, I became heavily involved in the research and script development of a film about the American Civil War. With hindsight, it would have been wise to have checked back with the production office to find out if matters stood as they had some four months earlier. However I didn't, and scratched around several ideas before settling on *The Rosemariners*.

I chose to use roses as the catalystic element in the story for they are splendidly ambivalent plants. They have the contrary qualities of beautiful flowers and rich scent, coupled with and contrasted to the concealed viciousness of their thorns.

By using some relatively commonplace object as the carrier of threat and menace, a greater frisson of fear can be created. Back in 1968 my local 'reference library' was the British Museum. I well remember that one day, after working there, I left by the North Entrance and a few moments later saw the name of my leading scientist carved on a wall. But this was no piece of graffiti; it was the names of three distinguished gentlemen sculpted in two foot high letters decorating the wall above the entrance to the School of Tropical Hygiene: Frank Pettinkofer Biggs.

However, by the time I submitted my story, Mr Troughton had decided to leave and Mr Pertwee awaited the Time Lords' summons. The space-wandering *Rosemariners* didn't fit and with polite regret it was turned down. Now, nearly twenty-five years later, while sorting some old papers in a trunk, I came across the draft script for Episode 1 and several pages of notes covering the story development. Somewhat to my surprise, I am told that this could be of interest to the legions of *Doctor Who* enthusiasts. It is with all humility that I proffer a story, one of so many, that was turned down for the series as not being suitable at the time. I hope it amuses for, after all, that is all it aspires to do.

Donald Tosh



Roses have " contrary qualities of beautiful flowers" and the "concealed viciousness of their thorns". Art by Paul Vyse.

Episode One

On Earth Space Station 454, Professor Frank Pettinkofer Biggs appears to be at a party. Though the camera is close on him, there should be a feeling of lots of other people nearby, and the sounds of socialising. Biggs should be somewhat isolated with a thoughtful – even rueful – expression.

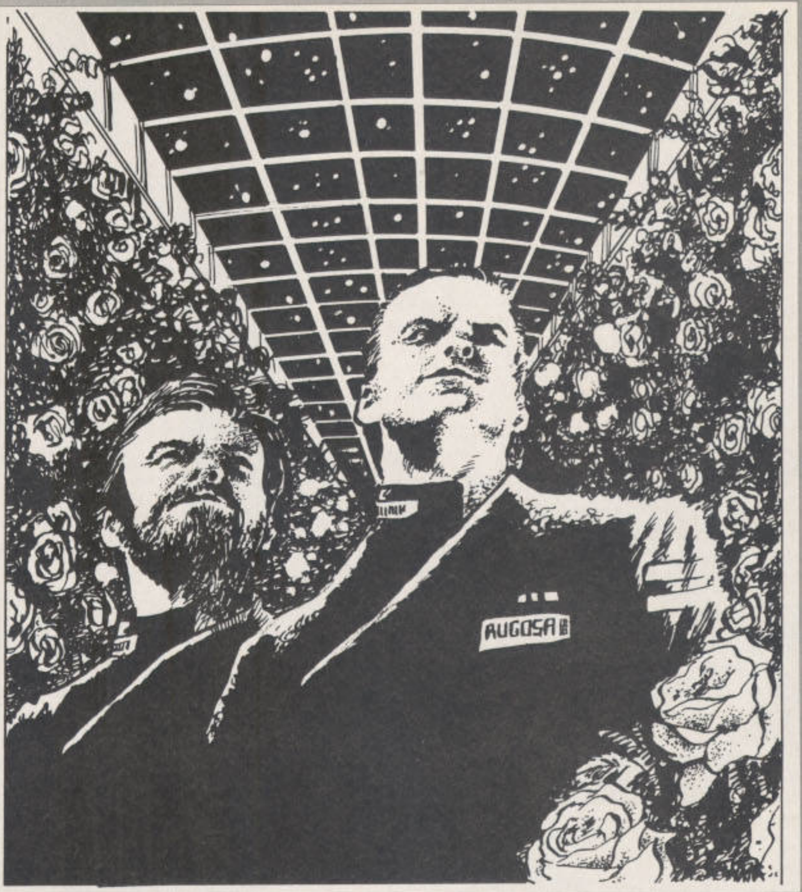
Elsewhere in ESS 454, in an alcove just off one of the main corridors, the TARDIS materialises. Inside Jamie and Victoria are eager to go out and explore. The Doctor stops them. He is puzzled by the fact that his instruments seem to be recording conflicting force-fields. The natural force-field of the place where they have landed is being distorted by an alien one. With memories of past problems he advises caution, however as the atmosphere balance is acceptable he agrees that they can take a look around. But they must stay together and make a special point of noting details of the place, so that if they need to leave in a hurry they will know the way back.

Meanwhile on the giant satellite *Rosemarinus*, Earth Station Officer Brand is remonstrating with Rugosa, the Head of the Rosemariners. Brand feels that there has been a totally unacceptable level of intergalactic interference. He says that he has received orders from Earth to close down ESS 454, and has already acted upon them. But it seems that the orders in fact came from *Rosemarinus* and Brand cannot think how he will be able to explain the closure to Earth Headquarters. Rugosa blandly assures him that there has merely been a misunderstanding and that so far as he is aware, Earth Headquarters wants ESS 454 to work with *Rosemarinus* on a botanical problem whilst maintaining routine observation and reporting. Brand says that he has received no such instructions from his Headquarters, and in any case the staff of ESS 454 are already evacuated and on their way back to Earth. The only person left on ESS 454 is Professor Biggs, who is tidying up some of his experiments.

On ESS 454 Professor Biggs stands and raises his hand for silence. He starts to make a speech of farewell. Elsewhere the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria wander through the deserted space station. They pass high banks of computers gathering information, rows of printing machines discharging information and walls of screens whose light impulses collate, contrast and compare information. The two companions are fascinated and keep plying the Doctor with questions which he only vaguely answers. Eventually he explains that the real mystery here is not what all this information is, or even what it is all for, but why it is being gathered and analysed when there is no-one here to use or benefit from it. Jamie insists that he has heard sounds of a party and that surely there is the explanation, everyone is celebrating something. They move on to explore further.

On *Rosemarinus* Rugosa is still trying to appease the pedantically procedure-correct Brand. They have moved into the Rose Room – a huge Gothic conservatory filled with roses. There are climbers, ramblers, floribundae and tea roses, also china, damask and bourbons, wild roses, species and hybrids; there should be a feeling that we are confronted with more kinds of rose than most people believe exist. Rugosa continues to try and convince Brand that the Rosemariners are collaborating with ESS 454, not taking it over. But Brand finds it all too strange and refuses to countenance the collaboration until he has confirmed the instructions with his Headquarters. Rugosa guides Brand close to a particular collection of briar-musk roses. Rugosa tells Brand to stroke the leaves to release the perfume but when he does, the briars take hold of his arm and at the same time the roots of the plant come out of the ground, winding round his ankles and up his legs. Taken completely by surprise, Brand has little time to react except in horror and starts to scream just as he is drawn into the plant. He disappears and the sound is cut off.

On ESS 454 the Doctor, Jamie and Victoria are in a corridor where the sounds of the party are quite clearly near at hand. The Doctor knocks firmly on the door. At once there is total silence. Jamie makes to say something but the Doctor motions him to stay quiet. The doors slides open and there stands the benignly smiling Professor Biggs welcoming them. The three enter the room only to find that it is completely empty. Biggs assumes that they are some of the people who are coming to decommission the station. The Doctor explains that they are just passing visitors and Biggs explains that he has been having a small private indulgence of a farewell party for one, with the use of holograms and tapes. The Doctor asks why the place is closing down and Biggs admits that he is as mystified as they are.



Brand remonstrates with Rugosa. Art by Paul Vyse.

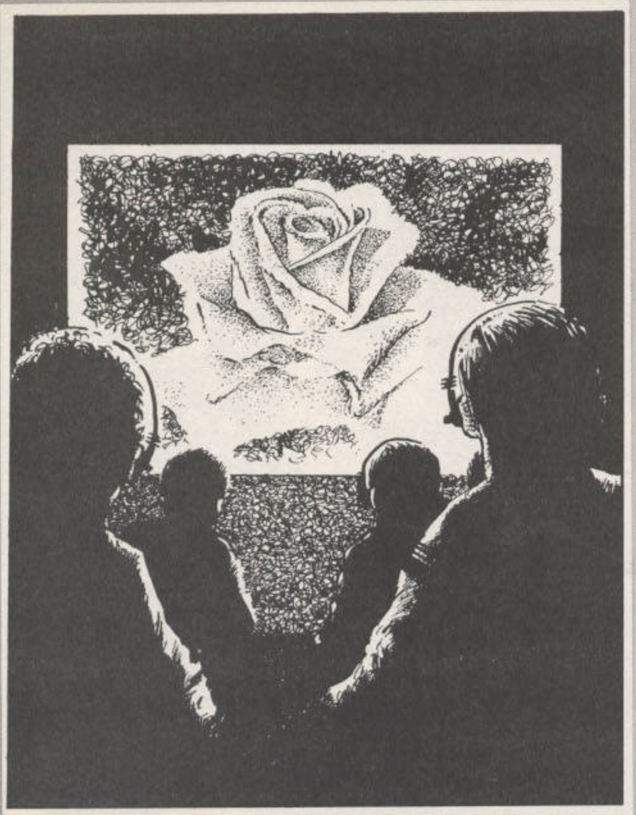
Back on *Rosemarinus* Rugosa is sorting matters out with his second-in-command, Colbert. The staff from ESS 454 are all on board the satellite where they are at that moment being indoctrinated with the cult of the Rose. Rugosa watches some of this taking place. The staff, all dressed in the same uniform as Brand, are passively listening but on each wrist can be seen a neat bracelet of briar. Rugosa tells Colbert that it is time to collect Professor Biggs and to remember that they need his co-operation. Colbert gives an order and a Rosemariner appears. He is the complete doppelganger of ESO Brand. Rugosa looks him up and down. "I don't think the Professor will question instructions coming from you."

Episode 2

On ESS 454 the Doctor and Professor Biggs are discussing the more recondite aspects of space-botanic studies. Jamie and Victoria are deeply bored and slip away to explore the space station further. They go down a corridor opening doors (they now know how this is done), looking into offices, laboratories, store-rooms etc. Victoria calls Jamie into one room where she has found something more interesting but we do not yet see what it is.

On *Rosemarinus* in the Rose Room, Rugosa and Colbert discuss the imminent arrival of Professor Biggs. Biggs' fame is intergalactic as a botanist and plant-breeder. Colbert points out that Biggs mustn't be alarmed or become aware of their real intentions. He is doubtful of the wisdom of appointing Brunon as a gofer-cum-minion. We see Brunon, a distinguished looking Rosemariner, but his face is blank. He shows no emotion or reaction – he just responds automatically to specific instructions. Rugosa dismisses these fears. There is no known antidote to 'Rosedream', besides as Brunon was the erstwhile Head of *Rosemarinus*, Rugosa likes the idea of him helping to ensure that they succeed in their act of intergalactic piracy.

Jamie and Victoria have found a clothing store and are having an enjoyable time dressing-up in some uniforms they have found. They also find and manage to turn on a bank of screens which display various other parts of ESS 454. On one screen we see that the Doctor and Biggs are still talking. Jamie notices on another screen the arrival of the doppelganger Brand and a small group of armed Rosemariners. They watch him disperse these troops at various strategic points before he himself goes into the Rest Room to greet Professor Biggs and the Doctor. It all seems very friendly but Jamie is more than somewhat suspicious. He fiddles around and eventually can hear what is being said. We close in on the screen and



The staff observing various images of roses. Art by Paul Vyse.

mix through to the meeting.

Brand is assuring Biggs and the Doctor that it was all 'his' fault that the message from Earth was wrongly decoded. He tells them that they now have to assist the Rosemariners, and to this end they must go with him to the satellite which has attached itself to ESS 454. The Doctor tries to get out of this but Brand won't hear of it – as the Professor's colleague he too will be needed. The Doctor tries to slip away saying that he must get some papers but Brand thwarts this too, suggesting they take nothing until they know what Rugosa, the senior Rosemariner, requires of them.

Jamie and Victoria are alarmed by the turn of events as they watch Biggs and the Doctor go with Brand. They also see that, unknown to the two men, the armed Rosemariners have fallen in behind them and are following them out of the Station. They decide that they won't go back to the TARDIS and wait, but will rescue the Doctor instead.

Brand leaves the Doctor and Professor Biggs in the Rose Room while he fetches Rugosa. Biggs is completely mystified by Brand, for he seems to have accepted the Doctor as part of ESS 454; also Brand was pedantic and pernickety whereas he now seems bland and affable. The Doctor points out that this could be because whoever this is, it isn't Brand. Hasn't Biggs noticed that although this might look like Brand, this creature has no pores in his skin?

Victoria and Jamie find themselves at the foot of a 'down' escalator. Victoria is sure that this is the way that the Doctor and party went. Jamie points out that the steps are going the wrong way. They hear the sound of voices and hide.

Colbert and three Rosemariners come down the escalator and when they step off it, it stops. Colbert is giving them instructions about acknowledging all messages from Earth HQ and that if anything comes which is more than routine, that message must be reported to him. He sends the Rosemariners off to their respective stations. He gets back on the escalator which now starts to travel up, and returns to *Rosemarinus*. Jamie and Victoria follow him.

Rugosa has joined the Doctor and Biggs and is thanking them for agreeing to help. In order to survive, the Rosemariners require some special distillations from certain roses, but unfortunately some of these particular plants appear to be dying. Rugosa needs the expertise of the Professor ("and, of course, your colleague here") to find out what has gone wrong, to identify the causes and to eliminate the disease. Rugosa takes them into a laboratory which has been put at their disposal while they carry out this work. Rugosa also points out Brunon, who stands passively by explaining that he is a Rosemariner automaton – useful for fetching, carrying and such heavy manual tasks as they require.

During their search for the Doctor on *Rosemarinus*, Victoria and Jamie have to duck into a room to avoid a party of Rosemariners. There they find the staff of ESS 454, whose uniforms match their own 'borrowed' ones. The staff are also wearing their briar bracelets and earphones, while facing a giant screen which shows various images of roses. Jamie and Victoria sit down at the back beside two women, who greet them quietly. These are Elsie and Doris, the only two women amongst the ESS staff, and they are deeply bored. All the men have gone into a trance and are watching and listening to an endless lot of information about *Rosemarinus* and the Roseculture. Jamie asks if the women know where Professor Biggs is, but they don't. Victoria suggests that they all look for him, but Elsie and Doris are shocked. Their instructions were to stay here, and to disobey orders in deep space is asking for trouble. Jamie and Victoria leave to continue the search, much to the women's disapproval.

Rugosa and Colbert are reviewing their situation. Biggs and the Doctor are working on the rose problem, ESS 454 is manned and Earth HQ shouldn't know of their existence until they move to take it over with the brainwashed staff from the space station. Once taken over, the Earth HQ can service their power base before they return to take over their own galaxy.

Victoria and Jamie find the Rose Room. Like everyone seeing it for the first time, they are amazed and intrigued. Victoria is drawn to the scented albas and bourbons which she recognises, whilst Jamie approaches the briar-musk roses. He reaches out and touches the foliage – a strand immediately winds itself around his arm. He tries to pull free but can't. A root pushes through the soil and grabs one of his legs. He shouts. Victoria screams. The Doctor and Professor Biggs appear at the laboratory door. Jamie is fighting for his life . . .

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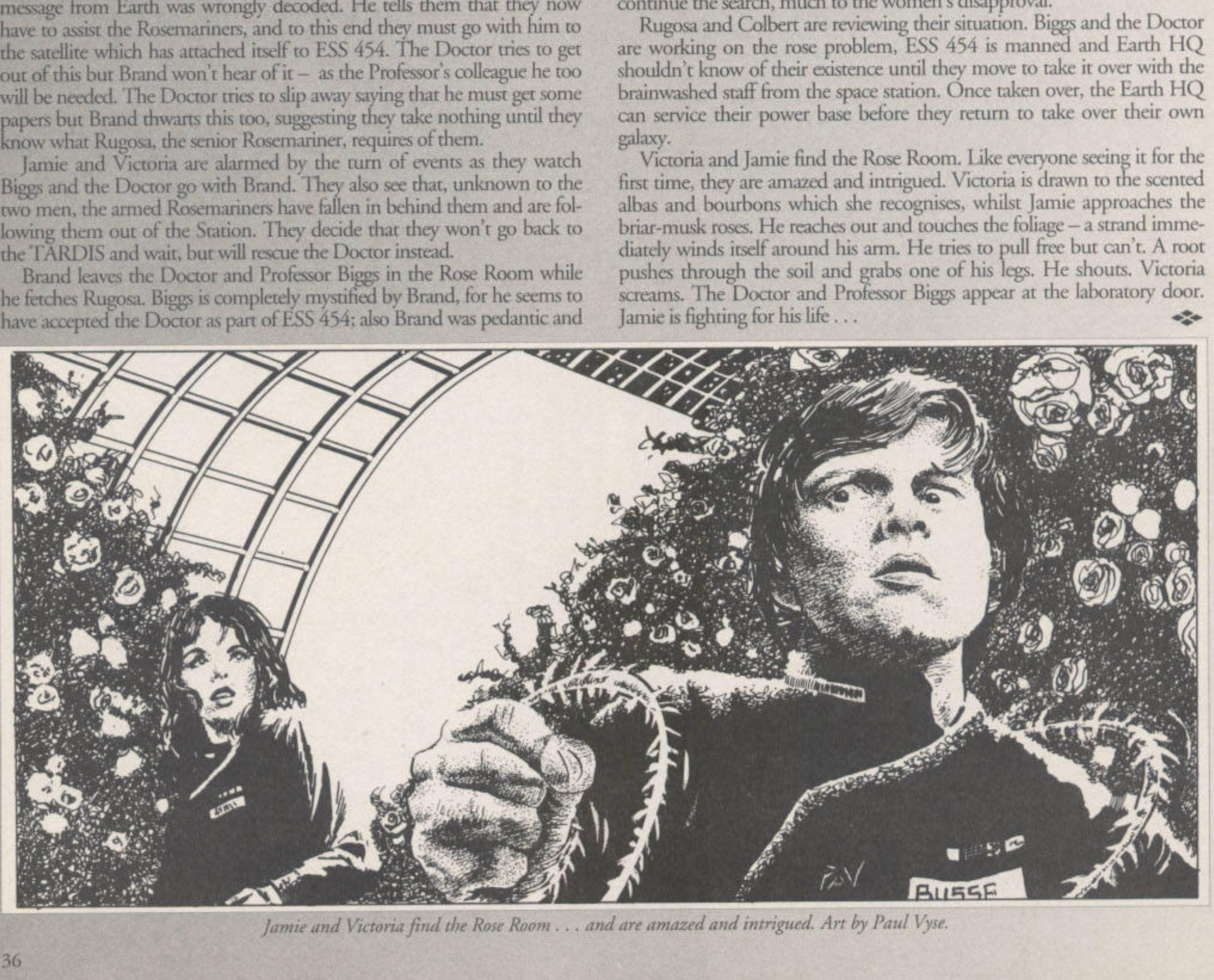

Jamie and Victoria find the Rose Room . . . and are amazed and intrigued. Art by Paul Vyse.

Acting the Part

Angus Lennie

While forever linked with the beleaguered protestations coming from the kitchen of the Crossroads Motel, Angus Lennie occasionally swapped his apron and stove for more sinister territory. Liam-Michael Rudden meets the man behind the ill-fitting moustache.

Angus Lennie is still best-remembered as Shughie McPhee, the lovable chef from the long-running soap opera *Crossroads*, but in 1975 he found himself playing Angus the innkeeper in *Terror of the Zygons*. His involvement in this fondly-remembered production began when he was approached by the director, the late Douglas Camfield.

"Well I had known Dougie Camfield for years and years," Angus explained. "I mean, when he was a young man he literally slept on my floor for a couple of nights because he was a great friend of Barry Cryer, and Barry and I shared a flat at that time. So that was how I met Dougie – he must have been about twenty-two then with a great enthusiasm first for television and then later for *Doctor Who* in particular. He said I thought I was right for the part in so I did it and loved it."

Angus' character was required to play the bagpipes in one scene, but that wasn't the only musical talent Douglas Camfield had him in mind for. "The bagpipes weren't too much of a problem. I didn't actually play them, but as a boy I had tried to learn how to play them in the Boys Brigade, so I knew the fingering vaguely enough to make it look real. However Dougie had this idea that I should also sing . . . in Gallic! I protested that I couldn't possibly do that, I said 'Dougie they'll know I don't speak Gallic.' He replied 'Look I'll do it,' and he did, and I made the point that it sounded good when he did it. However his attitude was if he could do it then so could I . . . and get away with it."

Terror of the Zygons wasn't Angus' first encounter with the good Doctor. That particular meeting took place some eight years previous when he played Storr in the Patrick Troughton story *The Ice Warriors*. "You know, I saw an episode of it the other day and I just couldn't remember doing the avalanche scene, good as it was, and I was in it! I remembered the scenes with Debbie Watling, and the scenes with Peter Sallis, but when it came to the avalanche I just could not recall doing it."

One incident that did spring to mind included a wayward moustache. "Ah yes. The bit where my moustache nearly came off. I remember thinking at the time, 'God, it's coming off,' but I still had go ahead and do the scene because there wasn't the time or the money to keep going back to get things perfect. I got away with it though because anyone who noticed it just thought it was the wind, but I knew it was coming off."

Comparisons between the working methods used on the two stories were difficult for Angus to pinpoint as his involvement in each story had been somewhat contrasting. "You see, in *Zygons* all my bits were done in the studio which limited what I could do, whereas in *The Ice Warriors* Derek Martinus directed in a way that was very fast for what they were doing. There was a lot of action in *The Ice Warriors* but of course *Terror of the Zygons* was more frightening because it was more realistic. It was set in a real place and the characters were real people which made it more frightening because you knew they were going to change. I must admit though we did think the Zygons were quite cuddly in the end, whether it was the embryonic nature of the costume or not I can't say."

◆

Angus McRanald (Angus Lennie), proprietor of the Fox Inn, Tullock, in conversation with journalist Sarah Jane Smith (Elisabeth Sladen) in *Terror of the Zygons*. Photo © BBC Video.

TIMELINES

Compiled by Marcus Hearn

SPEW-BURGER

You may be interested to receive a copy of a letter I have just sent to Alan Yentob, BBC1 Controller:

Dear Alan,

Don't you dare, DON'T YOU DARE, let the goddamn Yanks nick OUR *Doctor Who*! You know, it's bad enough that they are taking over the world, but to take over all time and space IS THE LIMIT! And if you allow Spew-burger to cast a Yankie in the role of the good Doctor, then I shall summon all my colleagues from the realm of monsters to irretrievably, and un-regeneratively, exterminate you. There is only one person in the entire space-time continuum who can play the Doctor, and that is ME!

Nabil Shaban,
Aldershot,
Hants

Unconfirmed reports have, for some time, had it that the talks between Speilberg's Amblin Entertainment and the BBC have broken down. Obviously the reptilian envoy's ambassadorial skills are still finely tuned! We also recently heard from another Doctor Who *luminary, but this time on another subject altogether. Back in Issue 207 we stated that not only were two versions of* Doctor Who's *first episode recorded, but that there were also two versions of* The Dead Planet, *the first episode of the programme's second serial. We were delighted to hear from Christopher Barry, the director of both the original and remounted episode, who got in touch offering an explanation behind the abandoning of the original version of* The Dead Planet.

Thank you so much for the latest **Doctor Who Magazine** with its extremely well-researched and written history of the genesis of *Doctor Who*. I very much enjoyed reading it and remembering some of the processes that went on, though I'm afraid I don't recall receiving the internal letter that Richard Martin apparently sent us all!

As I expect you will be undertaking more research, perhaps you might feel like looking further into the question of the re-recording of *The Dead Planet*. My diary certainly records that it was retaken on 6th December 1963, taking the recording place of episode four (*The Ambush*), knocking all the recordings on by one week. The reason for the retaking was completely forgotten by me but you have obviously put your finger on it with your discovery about 'induction' making it untransmittable. This gives one the big clue as to the real problem with the original recording. This can be of two sorts, audio or visual, electrical or electronic.

In the former, a leak of gallery talkback (from the director, vision mixer, production assistant etc.) via the headphones of a member of the camera crew or other floor staff can be picked up by the studio microphones and recorded onto the tape along with the regular intended soundtrack. It may seem incredible but there was no monitoring of this problem because the noise-level in the recording area was too high for this fault to be diagnosed at the time. Afterwards, in the quiet of a replay, the awful truth was revealed. I was always very hot on this as I considered it wrecked a programme for audiences to hear things like "Coming to Three . . . stand by . . . and Cue the Doctor . . . Shot Sixty-Five" etc. coming through and this is what I feel must have been the case here.

The other kind of induction can come from electronic sources, magnetic fields etc. and usually results in bars or other obviously visual interferences which can be picked up and put right at the time.

Perhaps this will prove to be the answer?

Christopher Barry,
Banbury,
Oxon

Congratulations to Marcus Hearn and Philip MacDonald for producing two of the best articles you have featured in a long time.

The Dawn of Knowledge was one of the most extensive and exhaustive pieces of writing on *Doctor Who*'s origins I have ever read. Interesting to note that the fate of *Doctor Who*'s success was intrinsically linked to the whims of comedian Tony Hancock. It's worth speculating on what could have happened if during his painful downward spiral, he could have somehow managed to pick himself up and denied Terry Nation of his chance to work on *Doctor Who*. I suspect I would not be writing this letter had that alternate time-line occurred . . .

Moving With The Times presented an excellent commentary on *Who*'s social awareness and could have almost been an addendum to *The Unfolding Text* with its earnest and academic approach to the programme. It was also a refreshing and attractive piece that com-memorated the show's anniversary on top form.

Congratulations are also in order for your *Thirtieth Anniversary Special*. What makes this special so attractive is not only the homage paid to the original *Radio Times* Tenth Anniversary Special (even down to the specially-tinted Hartnell and Troughton pictures), but the excellent choice of photographic material, especially some of the lesser-seen items.

David Fox,
Dore,
Sheffield

Shucks . . .

BEST DISCOVERY SINCE *TOMB*

May I firstly congratulate all at **DWM** for a first-class magazine. I am very pleased that *Doctor Who* is being represented in your magazine in such a professional and adult manner.

I was most pleased to hear of the discovery of the John Cura 'telesnaps' which, in my opinion, are the best discovery since *The Tomb of the Cybermen* was found in 1992. Unfortunately, however, I was very disappointed with the pictures' layout. I was hoping for a photo novel format but the way they have been laid out in **DWM** is a bit baffling. Could you put the shot descriptions on the same or facing page, as the photos as their present layout is somewhat disorientating.

Marcus Handford,
Bishopston,
Bristol

Just a few lines to express my gratitude for the new telesnap archives features in **Doctor Who Magazine** and **Doctor Who Classic Comics**. *Fury from the Deep* having long been a favourite *Doctor Who* serial of mine, it's marvellous to be presented with so many new photographs from it, especially since the chances of seeing it back on television again some day are incredibly slim.

I hope that you will be able to present in a similar fashion in future issues *The Crusade*, *Galaxy 4*, *The Myth Makers*, *The Smugglers*, *The Underwater Menace*, *The Macra Terror*, *The Faceless Ones*, *The Evil of the Daleks*, *The Abominable Snowmen*, *The Ice Warriors* (or at least Episodes Two and Three), *The Enemy of the World*, *The Web of Fear* and *The Wheel in Space*.

Moving on to another subject, but still concerning the black-and-white episodes, I recently read in the January 1994 newsletter of S.T.A.R.S. (Savers of Television And Radio Shows) that the second episode of *The Daleks' Master Plan* was handed in at 'Missing – Believed Wiped' conference which was held at the National Film Theatre on 2nd October 1993 and attended, amongst others, by Adam Lee (the Archive Selector for the BBC). Could you please confirm this?

David C.Taylor,
Plaistow,
London

Our next telesnap archive feature will be The Web of Fear *– the classic Yeti story from 1968. While the BBC only have the first episode in their Film and Videotape Library we fortunately have complete sets of off-air stills from every instalment of this much-loved* Doctor Who *story.* The Web of Fear *begins in* **Doctor Who Classic Comics** *Issue 18, on sale 3rd March 1994, and will appear in a different format to the* Fury from the Deep *pictures. Because there is much less background material and information for this story we're taking the opportunity to spread the pictures over all four sides of the pull-out. Let us know what you think.*

Unfortunately, as much as we'd love to run all the stories David Taylor requests, the collection of pictures we acquired covers The Savages *(May 1966) to* The Wheel in Space *(June 1968). As for* The Daleks' Master Plan *query, it was only film footage from the second episode which was returned. These short scenes of flame-throwing Daleks were seen in the recent* 30 Years in the TARDIS *documentary.*

Having read all the horror stories about Season 17, I tuned in to watch *The Horns of Nimon* on UK Gold's anniversary day special with more than a little trepidation. I was more than a little surprised to find myself thoroughly enjoying the story.

Yes, there are a few terrible Tom Baker jokes (such as giving K9 mouth-to-mouth resuscitation), but on the whole the story moves along at a brisk pace, with Graham Crowden giving a wonderfully entertaining and over-the-top performance as Soldeed. Given that the story was disrupted by industrial action and a lack of money I thought it was excellent entertainment and a lot of fun!

If *The Creature from the Pit* and *Nightmare of Eden* are as enjoyable as this, then Season Seventeen has got a very undeserved reputation indeed.

Chris Rowley,
Wirral,
Merseyside

Over the entire lifespan of your magazine I have never felt compelled to write to you until now. I am writing to complain about *Time and Time Again*, the atrocious comic strip in **DWM** 207 – an otherwise superb issue.

In *Time and Time Again* the strip degenerated into possibly one of the worst fan-indulgent stories ever devised. A 'plot' such as this seemed out of place in a general *Who* mag and would have been better suited to a fanzine, where such shallow storylines usually survive.

While not doubting Mr Cornell's talents as a writer, it would perhaps be better if he concentrated on new plots and characters instead of plundering the past and displaying a distinct lack of imagination.

Kyle Richards,
Rochdale,
Lancashire

Congratulations on your *Thirtieth Anniversary Special* – a good in-depth celebration of the Time Lord and his various incarnations on TV, stage and in books. Also I would like to praise your *Time and Time Again* comic strip which luckily didn't fall into 'all the Doctors meeting each other to defeat the baddie' plot and instead wisely concentrated on the Seventh Doctor and companions getting a key from each Doctor. A good story which could have been longer.

Alan Goodbrand,
Fraserburgh,
Scotland

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Archive.....THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY
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What the Papers Said...THE FINAL SEASON
Prelude..LEGACY

Designer PERI GODBOLD
Assistant Editor MARCUS HEARN
Editor GARY RUSSELL

Writing Who

The 1985 Seventh Doctor story *Timelash* marked the sole contribution to the show by writer Glen McCoy. Lee Ryder talks to Glen, and reveals perhaps the only link between *Doctor Who* and Pete Townshend's old group . . .

Glen McCoy, the writer of Season Twenty-Two's *Timelash*, is under no delusions as to the regard his sole *Doctor Who* story is held under. "I understand that it came bottom in the fans' poll but got the highest ratings and, without any disrespect for fans, I prefer it that way round."

Glen knew he wanted to be a writer from a very early age and made his start while still at primary school. "I started writing when I was nine years old and the first thing I wrote was the school play at the end of term. This was interesting because at the time, which was 1965, they were working on a production from a recognised playwright. They found that the language was a little old-fashioned and the actors at the school were finding it difficult to learn their lines. So I came up with the an idea which they liked and worked the original script into down-to-earth schoolboy language so the actors could learn it."

Ten years on, Glen graduated to writing and producing an amateur Super-8 film. "It lasted for about an hour and twenty minutes. It had an original score by one of the original members of rock group The Who, Peter Vernon Carrol. It was put together like a very professional production and we hired a cinema in Kensington on six different nights and showed it like that."

Realising he could make a living from writing, he then "got involved in writing books" and saw his career evolve. By the time he came to work on *Doctor Who* he was already something of a fan of the series. "I remember seeing the very first episode. For me William Hartnell was the best Doctor, closely followed by Jon Pertwee. I would say that's why I had his face in *Timelash*.

"In my view *Doctor Who* has to have plenty of action; the story has to make sense and be believable. What disappoints me is seeing a *Doctor Who* programme which clearly lacks action and the lines and things going on are laughable."

TIME TUNNEL

Like many other fans Glen drifted away from the programme, then after an interval of several years he began to watch the programme again but found "that it had lost some of the charm that it used to have when I watched it originally. When I started working on the show my impression was, wouldn't it be nice to get back to that style where you had a complete story which might have a little twist at the end.

"I originally sent Eric Saward (the script editor at the time) a storyline that included the Daleks and he wrote back saying 'You can't possibly have the Daleks in your script because they're closely guarded by Terry Nation and he won't allow anyone else to use do it.' This was more or less a brush-off but it had the last line 'If you were to re-write the whole thing I might read it again.' I think he was a bit surprised when I actually took the trouble and after looking at what I produced he asked me to come in and see him.

"For some reason my agent hadn't written to him so he didn't know who I was and wasn't even aware that I had written before, which was interesting, and a good thing for writers I suppose. You musn't assume that the BBC expect you to have written before. When I told him I had (I was working on the BBC's hospital drama *Angels* at the time) he was doubly interested."

The genesis of the story came from three different strands that he wanted to incorporate into a *Doctor Who* script. "I had sat down one Saturday and tried to put them together. The ideas included having this long tunnel in space for people to fall down, but which was actually linked to two time periods. Then I had this other idea for half-man half-monster type creature. The final idea was to include H.G.Wells."

The idea was accepted, and although there were some alterations made by Eric

Mykros (Eric Deacon) and Vena (JeanAnne Crowley), two of those rebelling against the use of the *Timelash*. Photo © BBC

Saward, Glen's original storyline remained unchanged. "I attended the first read-through of my script, which I'm pleased to say was well-received – the actors laughed in the right places. I then wasn't able to attend any proper rehearsals or any recording during the day but I attended all the recording sessions in the evening and met people like Paul Darrow (guest-starring as Tekker) and David Chandler (who played Herbert). I didn't quite get the chance to speak with Colin Baker but met quite a few of the cast."

That Glen failed to meet Colin wasn't surprising considering that he and Nicola Bryant were rehearsing for the pantomime *Cinderella* between the *Doctor Who* sessions. This put further pressure on a production which only had six days to complete all its videotaping. The finished result was met with mixed feelings from its writer. "On the whole I was well pleased, though I felt some of it could have been improved. There were a couple of parts where I didn't like the acting."

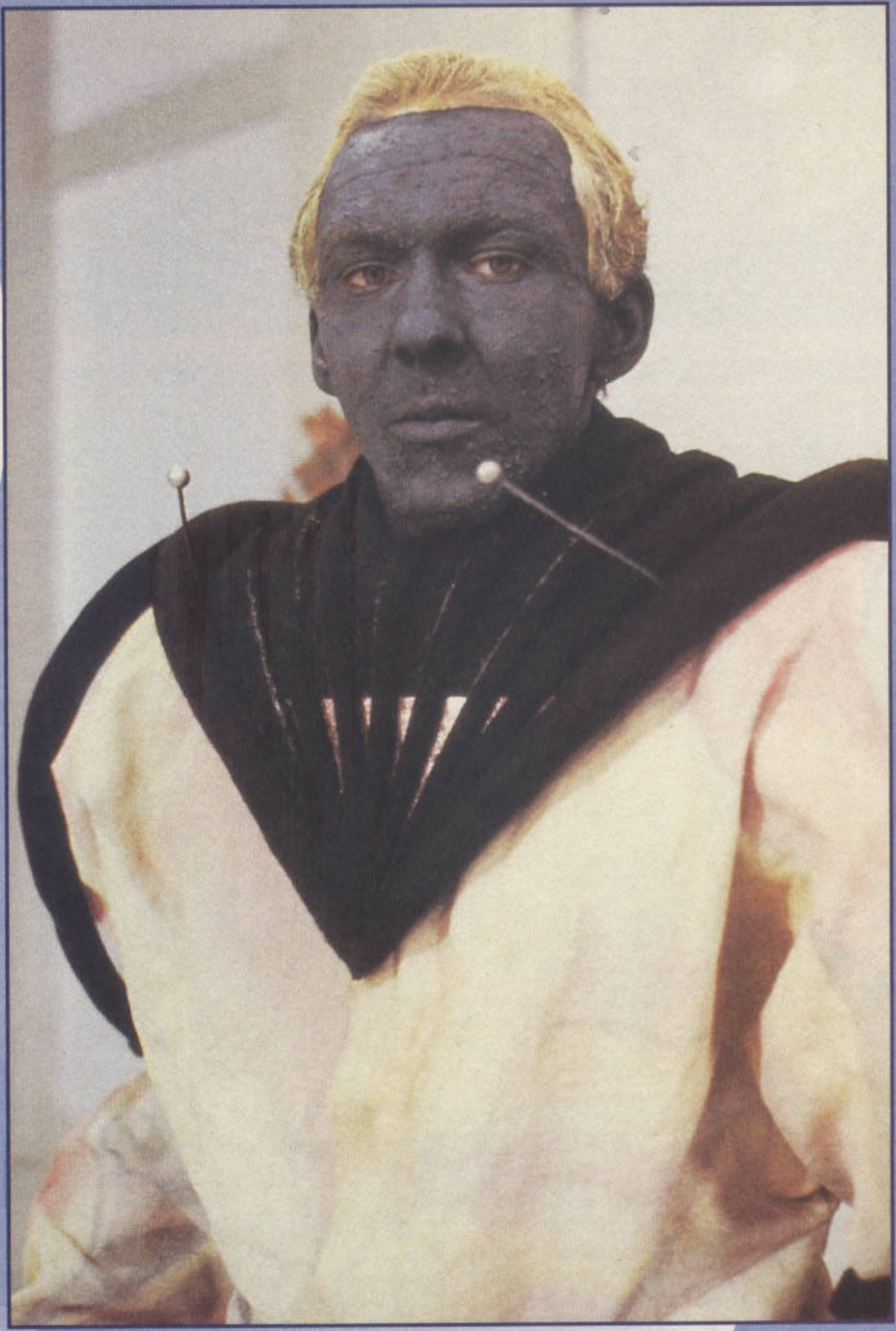
Glen was especially unhappy with the performance given by JeanAnne Crowley, who played Vena. "To me she was not convincing at all, almost like her mind wasn't there half the time. Herbert (David Chandler) I thought was excellent and I told him so."

HEROIC HERBERT

It wasn't until recording was completed and editing began that the production team discovered that Part Two was under time. Eric Saward quickly wrote a new scene to compensate which was recorded during the making of *Revelation of the Daleks*. This came as a complete surprise to Glen. "There's this whole scene with Herbert saying he wants to die like a hero, which I only saw when it was finally shown on television. Every time I see the programme I say 'That's not me.'"

Shortly before *Timelash*'s transmission in March 1985 BBC1 Controller Michael Grade took the controversial decision to postpone the show's future production, claiming it had gone off the rails. Glen has his own ideas about where *Doctor Who* has gone wrong in the past. "Eric Saward once reminded me when I first met him that *Doctor Who* has always been intended as an adult programme and I think some writers forgot this and wrote it for children. That's where it went wrong. I believe that if it was written for adults then children would latch onto it anyway and they would get to understand it as I did when it first went out. I also think that monsters shouldn't have been included just because there may have been a gap in the script for a monster. There needs to be a reason for it. There was a reason why the creature I put together looked the way it did.

"During production, they were telling me that this set of programmes was one of the best they had done in a long time and gave me the impression that they were regenerating some of the old ways, which wasn't evident when I saw some of the other programmes. There was a story (*The Two Doctors* by Robert Holmes) where some chap was eating human flesh. It was supposed to be black comedy but I couldn't see the point of it really, despite the fact it was written by a very experienced, recognised writer."


An android (Dean Hollingsworth), one of the colourful inhabitants of Karfel. Photo © BBC

DOWN TO EARTH

When publishers W.H.Allen decided to novelise *Timelash* they turned to a less-than-eager McCoy. "Having written the story and seen it as being very visual, it seemed like a chore to now have to do the whole lot again but in another form. But I far preferred to write it myself than let someone else do it and probably make a completely different story of it."

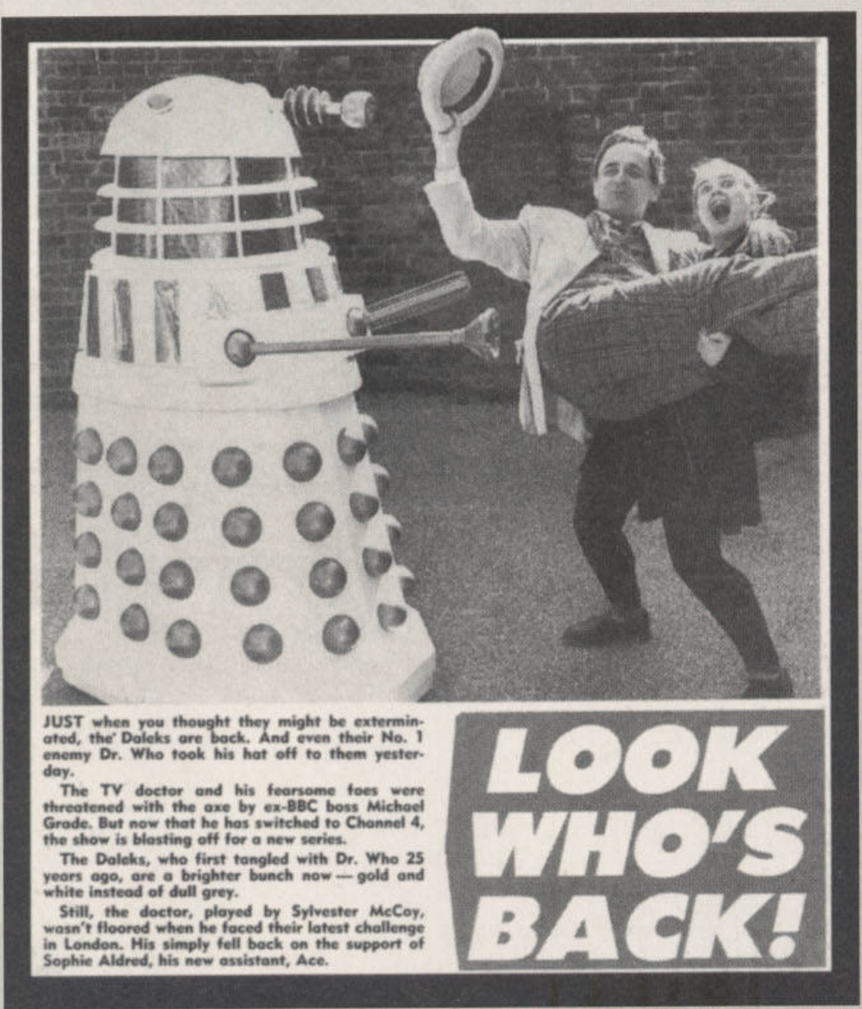
It wasn't to prove as uncomfortable experience as he suspected. "In a novel you can use your imagination to any degree you like. You can have any type of scene, and some of the things in the novel were originally intended for the TV script. On reflection the novel's OK, but it wasn't as enjoyable as writing the original story."

Glen's television career, which took off with the soap opera *Angels*, has recently returned to the genre. "In *Angels* and *EastEnders* you have to work to a storyline that's already there, so from that point of view *Doctor Who* was a lot more difficult but I felt more satisfaction for the end product. It's nice to see a complete *EastEnders* but the characters aren't yours and if you hadn't written it, someone else would have written the same storyline."

Overall, Glen has fond memories of *Doctor Who*. "I did find it enjoyable, although the director (Pennant Roberts) I felt was a little autocratic, in that if he had an idea it would happen that way. Other directors I've worked with would have left it up to me."

Although he now has ambitions to write and direct films he would welcome a return to the programme. "I put in another idea for *Doctor Who* – who knows, when it returns I might write for it again."

What the Papers Said



JUST when you thought they might be exterminated, the' Daleks are back. And even their No. 1 enemy Dr. Who took his hat off to them yesterday.

The TV doctor and his fearsome foes were threatened with the axe by ex-BBC boss Michael Grade. But now that he has switched to Channel 4, the show is blasting off for a new series.

The Daleks, who first tangled with Dr. Who 25 years ago, are a brighter bunch now — gold and white instead of dull grey.

Still, the doctor, played by Sylvester McCoy, wasn't floored when he faced their latest challenge in London. His simply fell back on the support of Sophie Aldred, his new assistant, Ace.

LOOK WHO'S BACK!

In 1988, the British public booked an appointment with an ailing Doctor. Press, fans and unprecedented numbers of viewers came to *Doctor Who*'s Twenty-Fifth Anniversary season of fourteen episodes in hostile mood after several years of the harshest critical attacks in the programme's history. As the programme rallied itself for something of a last-minute renaissance, the BBC's advance publicity may have caused some to doubt that the 'pantomime in space' wasn't over yet.

"Prince Edward has turned down the chance to make his TV acting debut – because the part was too small." exclaimed *Today*'s Lester Middlehurst on 29th June 1988. "The BBC wanted the stage-mad Prince to help Dr Who fight the deadly Cybermen in the sci-fi show's 25th anniversary episode. The action is set at Windsor Castle and Edward was offered a princely £50 to play a non-speaking 'member of the Royal Family'. He wrote back saying he had just started a new job with Andrew Lloyd Webber so he would be too busy. But soon afterwards he met actor Sylvester McCoy, who plays Dr Who, and confessed: 'I would have preferred a larger part. All people ever want me to do is walk-ons. Besides I don't really want to be an actor, I am more interested in producing.'"

As if to prove the point, *Today* accompanied the article (entitled "Edward's too grand for a part in Dr Who") with a picture of the ex-student prince on stage.

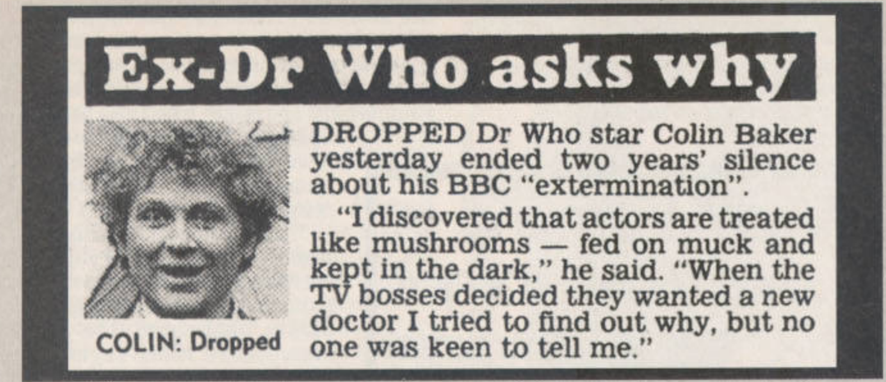
Undaunted, the ever-resourceful *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner looked elsewhere for a Windsor at Windsor in the anniversary story *Silver Nemesis*. As *The Daily Mirror* reported on 29th June, he went straight to the top. Well, sort of. "Doctor Who lives up to his name in his next adventure. Face to face with a majestic lady walking her corgis in the grounds of Windsor Castle, he has to ask: WHO is that? Fortunately for the other-worldly timelord his new young sidekick (Sophie Aldred) is on hand to identify the regal presence (Mary Reynolds). The chance encounter happens in the 25th series of TV's longest-running sci-fi show, to be screened in the autumn. It was shot yesterday at Arundel Castle, Sussex, because filming is forbidden at Windsor. Another disappointment for the BBC team was Prince Edward's response to an invitation to take part. They hoped the theatrical Royal would appear as himself in a brief scene, exchanging a few words with the Doctor. But the Prince wrote to say he would not be available. Perhaps he was asking himself: 'They want me to appear in Doctor WHAT?'"

After extensive pre-publicity during the summer's shooting, *Doctor Who* returned to BBC1 with the explosive *Remembrance of the Daleks* on 5th October. There was still, however, no pleasing long-time *Who*-watcher and one-time advocate Stanley Eveling. Writing for *The Scotsman* he bemoaned that "The reprieved *Dr Who* is back for a brief visit to planet TV Centre, unfortunately in the same actor's body as the last time he was among us and with the same butch girl as his intrepid Wednesday. Alas, too, although the captions have been given a space lift the plot is still going round in the same dreary circles, more British earthlings getting lasered by more yelling tin cans. 'Disappointing' is the mildest of many words that spring to mind."

Unsurprisingly, *The Sun* chose to avoid the milder words. Jim Taylor. "These metal monsters have gone rusty and couldn't frighten a jelly baby," he smirked on 6th October. "The plots are on another planet and the latest Doctor – Sylvester McCoy – should be struck off. Twenty-five years is a long time, even by Tardis space-travel dimensions, and someone at the Beeb should have had the courage of their convictions and pulled the plug on this programme. The Doctor peaked with Jon Pertwee in command. Ever since, the sci-fi series has been a load of intergalactic garbage. The current adventure centres around a school in London back in 1963. The doctor is lumbered with Ace – who should be called Joker by the look of her outfit. Now she *does* look frightening. Hopefully the story will improve and the Time Lord works his magic. But if he doesn't, I'm warning you, I'll start the Bring Back *Blake's Seven* Campaign! Then we *will* be in trouble!"

The Daily Mirror's Tony Purnell braved an interview with the Doctor's new tomboy companion, revealing an attitude which spelt bad news for *The Sun*. "I've been told that on no account am I allowed to scream," claimed Sophie. "Ace is no damsel in distress. She is much tougher than Melanie and doesn't scare easily."

While no-one could call Ace a wimp, *The Sunday Express* were quick to level the accusation at her Gallifreyan travelling companion during *The Happiness Patrol*. "I watched the arrival of the latest *Dr Who* adventure (BBC1 Wednesday) under the most unfortunate circumstances," began John Russell on 6th November, "the set was working perfectly. So the true scale of the decline of the intrepid time traveller into one of TV's longest running in-jokers was exposed in all its dismal detail.



Ex-Dr Who asks why

DROPPED Dr Who star Colin Baker yesterday ended two years' silence about his BBC "extermination".

"I discovered that actors are treated like mushrooms — fed on muck and kept in the dark," he said. "When the TV bosses decided they wanted a new doctor I tried to find out why, but no one was keen to tell me."

COLIN: Dropped

"The current occupant of the title role, and so the Tardis, is a diminutive oddball actor called Sylvester McCoy who fails to measure up to previous favourites such as Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker in more ways than one. His attempts at playful whimsy are embarrassing to behold – although to be fair, saddled with this shambles of a script Lord Olivier would look lost.

"The Daleks of old must be hanging up their exterminators in shame as they watch the present crop of low-budget baddies – a giant liquorice allsort, Sheila Hancock underneath a hundred-weight of make-up, and a herd of mini-skirted trollops called the Happiness Patrol. Presumably the last bunch are left over from their last failed mission – the Terry and June Show.

"It will take more than any Happiness Patrol to salvage any humour from this dire, directionless, self-indulgent twaddle. It will take better scripts and a new star for starters but it would be wiser to come up with a fresh idea altogether. This one has clearly long since run out of steam."

Luckily the BBC didn't agree. "At a party in London yesterday to mark the show's silver jubilee, Time Lords at the BBC announced a surprise birthday present – the go-ahead for a new £1.5 million season next autumn." reported *The Daily Mirror*'s Tony Purnell on 16th November.

"News that the series, once threatened with extinction, was safe was welcomed by Sylvester McCoy, the latest in a long line of actors to play the intrepid TV doctor. And by his new sidekick, Ace, alias motorbike-mad Sophie Aldred."

The sight of a jubilant Sophie astride an enormous Honda, "riding high as the new glamour girl", hinted that Dalek-bashing was only the beginning for Ace.

Press launches are always a prime opportunity for a free lunch, and there's nothing Fleet Street like better than a press launch. Joining *The Daily Mirror* at the BBC's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary *Doctor Who* bash were *The Independent*, who dispatched Anne Spackman for a slice of TARDIS cake. "Earthlings – sometimes known as 'Fans' or 'Viewers' – have been logging the doctor's every move since he began his journey through time 25 years ago. Now middle-aged, they are welcoming a return to the mood of mystery and menace which characterised those early days. At *Doctor Who*'s 25th birthday party in London yesterday his companions from the planet Beeb were brimming with confidence about his continuing vigour and seeming immortality. 'He is a hero. He fights evil. I don't see why he can't go on for another 25 years,' according to John Nathan-Jones, the producer."

The Guardian's Maev Kennedy, while not lucky enough to get the chance to meet Mr Jones, was granted an audience with the birthday boy himself. "Doctor Who, not looking a day over the '40 and ahem . . . ahem' he admits to, arrived by tube for the flight to Mars yesterday, listening to Enya on his personal stereo. He keeps the earphones on permanently, even when the batteries run out, as they did over the Atlantic on Monday. If he takes them off people rush up and say 'Remember that time when the Cybermen had you backed into a corner and the Tardis was immobilised by a multigloop meltdown? Well why didn't you just reverse the negative gravity fields and activate the blenkinsop?'

"Sylvester McCoy can't always answer these questions. Patrick Troughton was the Doctor when he got hooked (in his twenties, which casts some light on the ahem . . . ahem) but he missed quite a few episodes while putting ferrets down his trousers on the *Ken Campbell Roadshow*.

"He is booked for the next season ('Really? I didn't know that'), but it is clear that the Time Lords have already re-embodied the Doctor. Philosophical chap, anxious intellectual manner, endearing physical quirks, talks to plants, constantly battling the hulking monsters destroying our city streets? And just 40: perfect age.

"His brother, Edward, is reported to have turned down a £50 walk-on part, but in the programme on November 23rd you will see a lady remarkably resembling his mother, festooned with corgis. How broad a hint can the BBC give?"

Doctor Who's fortunes seemed to be improving as a nostalgia-fuelled Twenty-Fifth Anniversary edged ratings for the Sylvester McCoy era to their peak. The 16th November also marked the restoration of the programme's profile to the front pages of the national press for the first time since 1985, though this time under more hopeful circumstances.

"Comedy actor Dudley Moore is set to become the latest in a long line of Dr Whos – this time on the big screen." announced *The Daily Mail*'s Patrick Hill on 16th November, publicly voicing rumours fandom had been whispering for months. "He has been lined up to star as the famous time traveller in a new £19million film version of the TV series. Moore, star of *10* and *Arthur*, beat off opposition from other big names like John Cleese and Donald Sutherland. But last night the decision brought an angry reaction from thousands of fans."

These fans, increasingly angry and confused at the plethora of 'new' Doctors announced by the press (it seemed everyone from John Cleese to Sylvester Stallone was being offered a ride in the new TARDIS) included Andrew Beech – the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society spokesman who had been so savage in his condemnation of the show the previous year. "Dudley Moore is a very good actor," he told *The Daily Mail*, "but there is a danger he might just play it for laughs. It would be better to have someone who can give depth."

Sylvester McCoy was even more forthright with his criticisms "The decision is short-sighted," he claimed. "Look at *Star Trek*. It did amazingly well with the original people from the series, none of whom were big names."

Of course, no-one had serious cause for concern – seven years on we're still waiting to discover the identity of the next big screen Doctor.

Meanwhile, over at Fleet Street's latest addition, such trivial matters as movies and anniversaries were of little concern. At the controversial *Sunday Sport*, the sexual stamina of Daleks was the subject of "another great extermination exclusive."

On 20th November the *Sport*'s Simon Finlay uncovered the almost unbelievable ►

TIME really does fly, even for space travellers. It's all of 25 years since Dr Who first started popping off in his Tardis.

But the good Doctor managed to stay in one place long enough to celebrate his birthday yesterday with the help of 'Allo 'Allo waitress Yvette — and arch enemies the Daleks.

The Time Lord, actor

By KEN IRWIN

Sylvester McCoy, and lovely Yvette, Vicki Michelle, are just two of the stars in the BBC's £42 million autumn line-up.

Joining them will be Aussie satirist Clive James, who is to do documentaries as well as his own Friday and Saturday night chatshow.

His first scoop is an interview with Frank Sinatra. "I just let him do all the talking," said Clive.

The Beeb also has 15 new comedy series lined up, including one with Kathy "Nora Batty" Staff called No Frills.

And cricketer Ian Botham is to join Emlyn Hughes and Bill Beaumont as a team captain in A Question Of Sport.

Who's a birthday boy then?

◄ tale of a woman who claimed "Dr.Who's Dalek was my red hot lover."

"Housewife Irena Weeks revealed last night she's been sharing her bed with a DALEK for 12 years! Speaking for the first time about her bizarre marriage to the 5ft-high metal monster with a deadly antenna, Irena said her hubby is the spitting image of Dr Who's evil TV foe. 'I have been living with a Dalek for years. He's very good to me,' said Irena.

"As the BBC drama celebrates 25 years on TV, Irena admitted she's still very much in love with her husband, who never stops chanting EXTERMINATE, EXTERMINATE, EXTERMINATE!"

Strangely, the *Sunday Sport* neglected to print a picture of Irena's unnamed husband, who the 34-year-old former artist insisted was really a "witty and charming" alien – "unlike the devious Daleks in the BBC blockbuster."

Once again, Mr Beech was there with a quote for every occasion: "It's most strange," he told the *Sport*. "I have never heard of this type of thing before."

The anniversary day itself, 23rd November 1988, was commemorated with little press attention of note. *Today*'s Anne Caborn chose fanatical *Doctor Who* enthusiasts as her topic for the day's celebrations. "Sylvester McCoy, the seventh actor to play the mysterious time traveller, dreads *Who* addicts discovering where he lives. 'If I get fan letters delivered to my home I mark them 'Not known'.

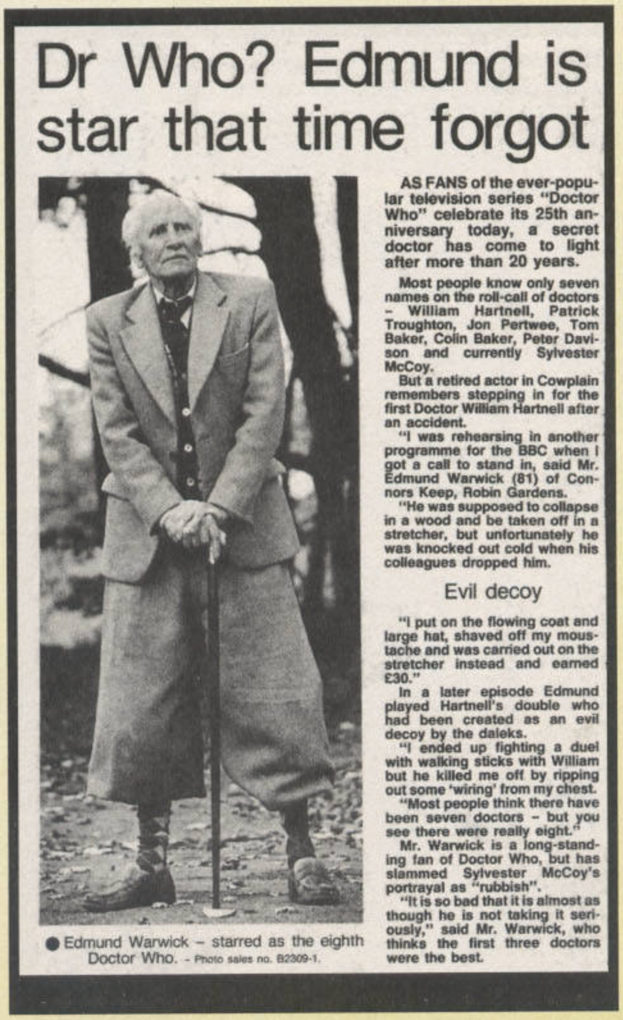
"'The important thing to do is to avoid eye contact,' he says. 'Once I was on a plane and the person next to me asked why I wasn't in my Tardis. My stereo wasn't working but I made out it was.'"

The Daily Star chose to be a bit more positive, promoting *Silver Nemesis* – the three-part anniversary story beginning that night. "The adventure has something for everyone," John Nathan-Turner told the newspaper, "and we hope this is another of many birthdays for the Doctor. The series is a worldwide institution and we are proud of it."

'Madcap' Sylvester McCoy added: "I feel privileged to be the man in the show. It's a fantastic programme and should never die."

Perhaps the most unusual anniversary day coverage was well away from Fleet Street, Television Centre and London itself. Tucked away in a local paper in Portsmouth Edmund Warwick, "the star that time forgot", was celebrating *Doctor Who*'s birthday at the ripe old age of 81. Mr Warwick, William Hartnell's double in a number of stories (most notably *The Chase*), said "Most people think there have been seven doctors – but you see there were really eight."

The newspaper went on to add Edmund's disparaging opinion of current *Doctor Who* to the growing tide of dissatisfaction. "Mr Warwick is a long-standing fan of *Doctor Who*, but has slammed Sylvester McCoy's portrayal as 'rubbish'.



Dr Who? Edmund is star that time forgot

AS FANS of the ever-popular television series "Doctor Who" celebrate its 25th anniversary today, a secret doctor has come to light after more than 20 years.

Most people know only seven names on the roll-call of doctors – William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker, Colin Baker, Peter Davison and currently Sylvester McCoy.

But a retired actor in Cowplain remembers stepping in for the first Doctor William Hartnell after an accident.

"I was rehearsing in another programme for the BBC when I got a call to stand in, said Mr. Edmund Warwick (81) of Connors Keep, Robin Gardens.

"He was supposed to collapse in a wood and be taken off in a stretcher, but unfortunately he was knocked out cold when his colleagues dropped him.

Evil decoy

"I put on the flowing coat and large hat, shaved off my moustache and was carried out on the stretcher instead and earned £30."

In a later episode Edmund played Hartnell's double who had been created as an evil decoy by the daleks.

"I ended up fighting a duel with walking sticks with William but he killed me off by ripping out some 'wiring' from my chest.

"Most people think there have been seven doctors – but you see there were really eight."

Mr. Warwick is a long-standing fan of Doctor Who, but has slammed Sylvester McCoy's portrayal as "rubbish".

"It is so bad that it is almost as though he is not taking it seriously," said Mr. Warwick, who thinks the first three doctors were the best.

● Edmund Warwick – starred as the eighth Doctor Who. - Photo sales no. B2309-1.

"'It is so bad that it is almost as though he is not taking it seriously,' said Mr Warwick, who thinks the first three Doctors were the best."

At least the London *Evening Standard* were feeling generous towards the elderly TV uncle on his birthday. On 24th November Kate Saunders claimed "The more things change the more they stay the same. Doctor Who attained his quarter of a century on BBC1 last night. For 25 years he has been saving this planet from evil cardboard boxes and malevolant blobs of latex. He has zapped through space and proved beyond a doubt that it all looks like the *Blue Peter* garden.

"And the Doctor still has his 'assistant'. She isn't a bimbo in a mini-skirt and thigh boots any more – the latest model wears a bomber jacket and has a small moustache – but she's still very thick and totally useless. I would have thought a mature lady with a Phd in physics would have been a more practical companion for the doctor, but the sexual revolution has clearly not yet got past the doorman at Television Centre."

For *The Daily Telegraph*, even nostalgia wasn't as good as it used to be. "Toddlers may have hidden behind the sofa when the monsters came on. But *Star Wars* effects have spoilt our palates for creaky space-age pantomime and flying police boxes. There is still more of Professor Brainstawm about *Dr Who* than Steven Spielberg. I caught a fellow critic rewinding his tape in an effort to unravel the plot, but what's the point?"

"Yes, it is the silver jubilee of *Doctor Who* – but a very different from the one I used to watch from behind the dying pot plants," lamented *The New Statesman*'s Nicci Taylor on 25th November. "I remember thinking, in my pre-adolescent teens when I had Dalek bubble bath, that the urbane and wine-imbibing Jon Pertwee or even the behatted, bescarfed and manically grinning Tom Baker, was sexy and civilised, ironic and wise – but Sylvester McCoy is too comically cuddly, does too much with his eyebrows, and strains too hard after the ironic idiom to have any oomph. And I remember being genuinely scared by the Daleks and the Zygons – but are the children of the eighties really scared by disintegrating pumpkins?

"What is more, I remember *Dr Who* being obligatory viewing for trend-conscious schoolchildren – the sci-fi equivalent of *Top of the Pops*, which only the swots didn't watch each week. 'Ex-ter-min-ate' was part of the vocabluary. If a few peculiar adults were victims of time travel and became stranded in childhood, at 30 still bleating 'ex-ter-min-ate' and writing cross letters to the producer about contradictions between what the Doctor said in Programme 21 and then did in Programme 223, well; that was their temporal paradox. *Doctor Who* was first and foremost a zany programme for children.

"Today, the viewing time has been switched from the family-time of Saturday afternoon to 7.30 on Wednesday, some of its feature films are marked as requiring 'parental guidance', and two thirds of its 5-6 million are over 16. Even one third under 16 seems a high figure – I conducted my own personal straw poll, and out of 30 or 40 children, none were regular viewers, and only a handful vaguely remembered watching a couple of episodes. Certainly you couldn't imagine the daunting 14-year-olds in their Reebock boots and designer jeans chanting 'ex-ter-min-ate' or wearing Dalek suits.

"Yet, as the credits rolled over the cliff-hanging end of another episode, I was affected by a curious sensation. Eighteen years after my first brief addiction, I suspect that I might be hooked again. There's a temporal paradox for you."

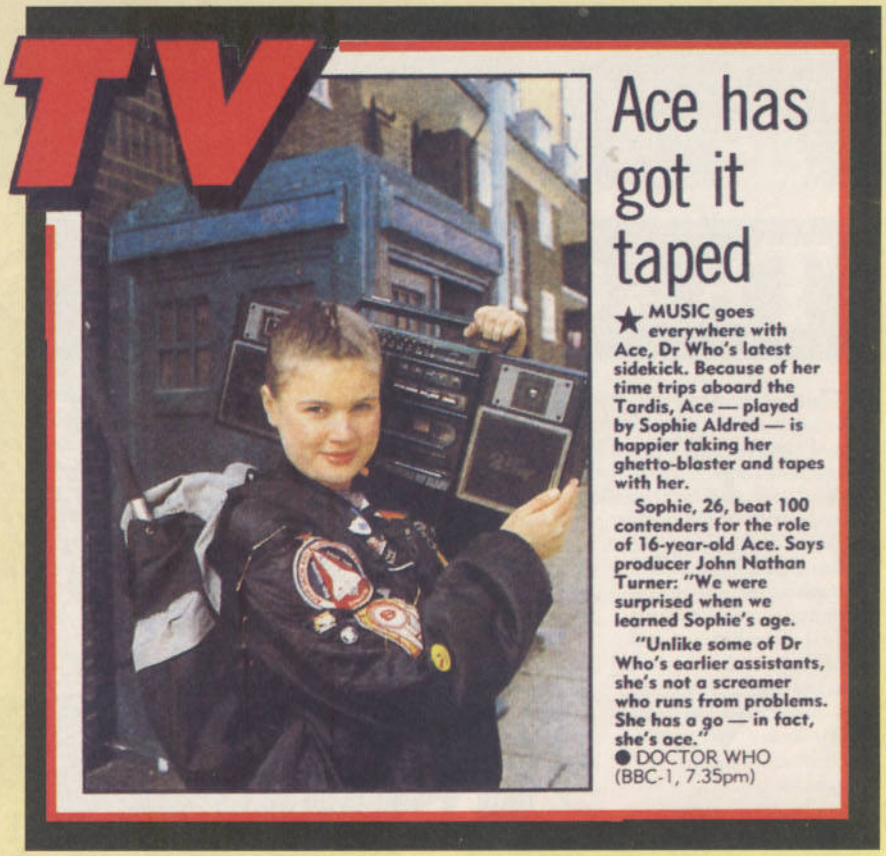
Alan Coren, writing in *The Mail on Sunday* on 27th November, was pondering the meaning of *Who* in his own inimitable style. "Not only is the doctor a modern mega-Merlin, smarter than a wardrobeful of Nobel laureates and capable of vaulting Einstein's theory across limitless time and space, but the scrapes into which he gets himself are scrapes of the imminent now. They could just happen, and the fringe of believability is where magic is most potent. If you can bend relativity and set once-upon-a-time in a time that has not yet happened then the possibilities are, literally, endless.

"Take the latest *Who* story, *Nemesis*, which kicked off last Wednesday on BBC1. How simultaneously ancient and modern (which is to say magical and relevant) it was. Switching between an evil necromancer's bolt-hole in 1638 and an evil Nazi's bunker in 1988, the plot embraces not only the quasi-scientific hoo-ha of intergalactic ironmongery, time theory, cybernauts and ghastly new weaponry. It also has the traditional paraphernalia of ancient magicians and wicked Jacobean plotters and mystic totems, with the launching of the Fourth Reich thrown in.

"What's up, Doc? Everything, and a rattling good everything, too. It also has the central strength it has enjoyed for a quarter of a century, Dr Who himself. Here is that familiar English figure, the heroic eccentric, rescued from the suspicion the English have of cleverness by an endearing, and thus humanising, barminess."

The Stage, celebrating Doctor Who's anniversary a tad late on 15th December, were touched not by magic but the programme's tatty kitsch. "Despite being one of the Beeb's more successful exports (selling to 60 different countries) it still looks cheap and amateurish. Worse than that, it looks tired and I find myself less than engaged by Sylvester McCoy's half-hearted Doctor.

"Most of the action seemed to be taking place in an aircraft hangar, with echoey acoustics to match. The robotic Cybermen, who do voice-overs for lager commercials when they're not pursuing Dr Who, still manage to miss everyone when they take aim with their deadly laser guns, while the Doctor's current sidekick, Ace (Sophie Aldred, who should really do something about her speaking voice) scores a bullseye every time with her catapault.



Ace has got it taped

★ **MUSIC goes everywhere with Ace, Dr Who's latest sidekick. Because of her time trips aboard the Tardis, Ace — played by Sophie Aldred — is happier taking her ghetto-blaster and tapes with her.**

Sophie, 26, beat 100 contenders for the role of 16-year-old Ace. Says producer John Nathan Turner: "We were surprised when we learned Sophie's age.

"Unlike some of Dr Who's earlier assistants, she's not a screamer who runs from problems. She has a go — in fact, she's ace."

● DOCTOR WHO
(BBC-1, 7.35pm)

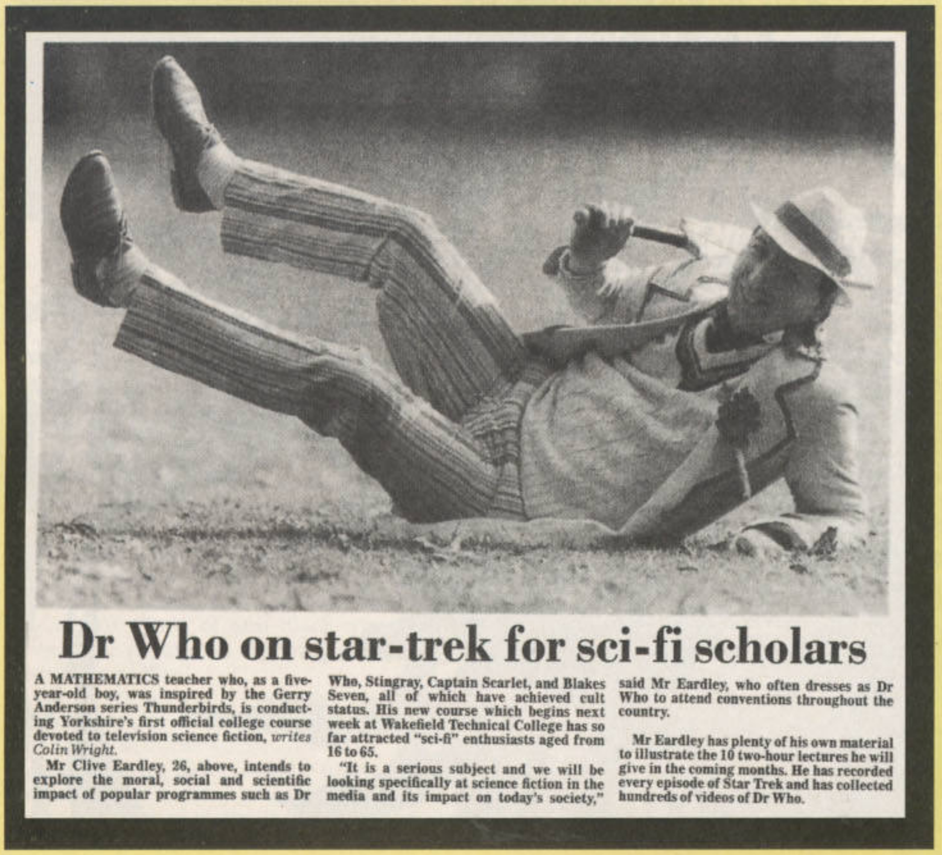
"Apparently they hold Dr Who conventions in America, where its following is keener and even more loyal than it is here. The main reason, I'm told, is its kitsch value – all those crummy sets and effects, the lack of technical wizardry. I doubt if they'll be disappointed by the latest crop."

Doctor Who's Twenty-Fifth anniversary year ended triumphant in the eyes of fans but tired in the opinion of the scornful press. The renaissance had restored much faith in rank and file fandom but Fleet Street remained to be convinced by McCoy's portrayal of the ageing Time Lord. The year ended with *The Scotsman*'s appraisal of the final show in Season Twenty-Five.

"I thought the last *Who* series pretty good with its sinister Kandy man and a Queen of happiness who blew away those who wouldn't smile, but the new one is going one better with a Psychic Circus and all the painted paraphernalia of clowns' faces and robots that have goblin grim eyes. It has strong enough parts for classy actors like T.P.McKenna as a rakish, knowing planetary wanderer and Peggy Mount is greedily getting her Cockney jaws around the part of an old bag of a stall holder. *Who* has gone imaginative and very stylish and there is a lot of galactic go in the old police box yet."

Ironically, the most positive words of 1988 would soon transpire to be the least accurate.

Marcus Hearn



Dr Who on star-trek for sci-fi scholars

A MATHEMATICS teacher who, as a five-year-old boy, was inspired by the Gerry Anderson series Thunderbirds, is conducting Yorkshire's first official college course devoted to television science fiction, *writes Colin Wright.*

Mr Clive Eardley, 26, above, intends to explore the moral, social and scientific impact of popular programmes such as Dr Who, Stingray, Captain Scarlet, and Blakes Seven, all of which have achieved cult status. His new course which begins next week at Wakefield Technical College has so far attracted "sci-fi" enthusiasts aged from 16 to 65.

"It is a serious subject and we will be looking specifically at science fiction in the media and its impact on today's society," said Mr Eardley, who often dresses as Dr Who to attend conventions throughout the country.

Mr Eardley has plenty of his own material to illustrate the 10 two-hour lectures he will give in the coming months. He has recorded every episode of Star Trek and has collected hundreds of videos of Dr Who.

N.B. All inaccuracies in quoted passages are reproduced directly from the original reports.

Prelude

TRAGEDY DAY

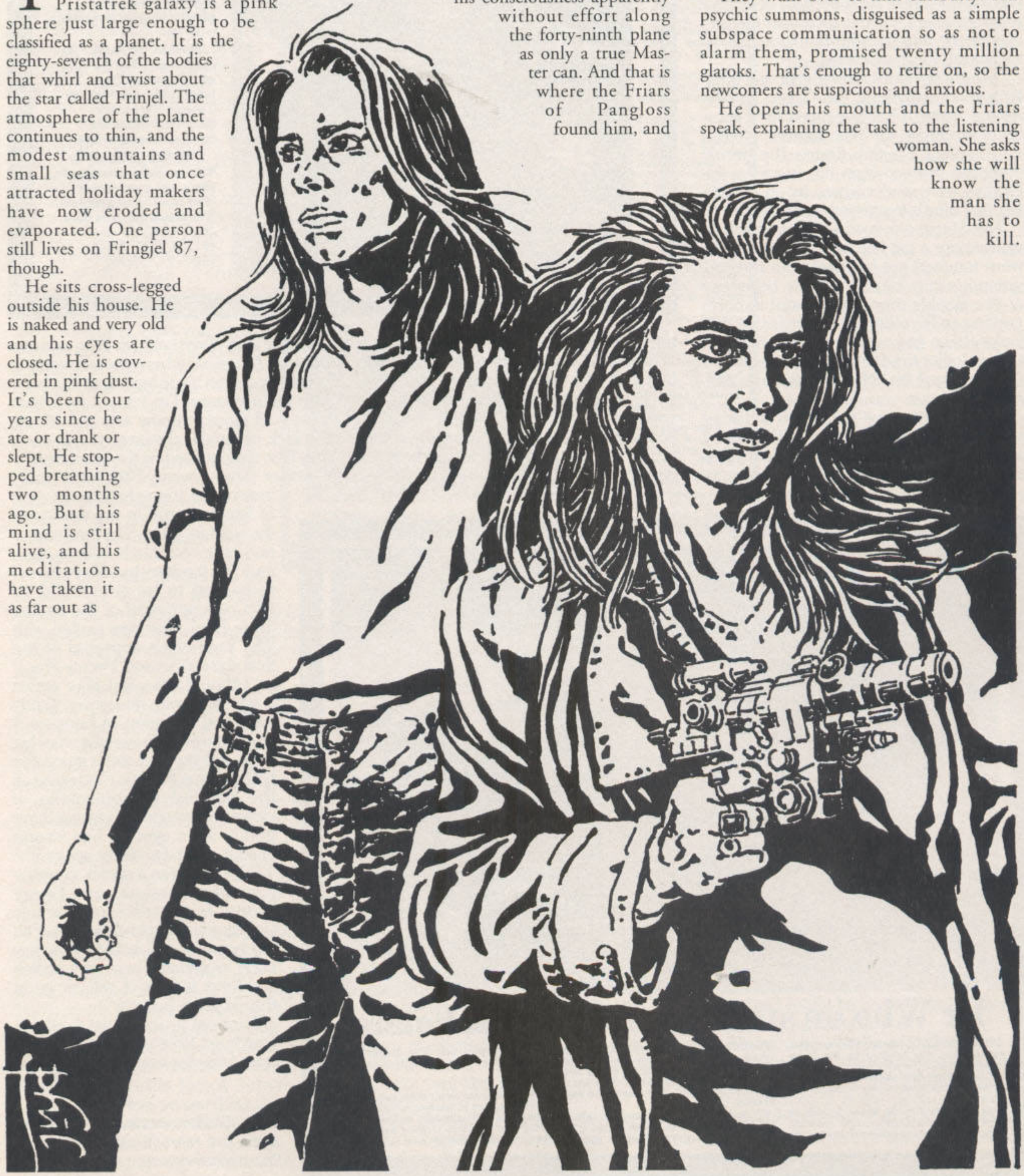
Tucked between the time twisted curves on the fringes of the Pristatrek galaxy is a pink sphere just large enough to be classified as a planet. It is the eighty-seventh of the bodies that whirl and twist about the star called Frinjel. The atmosphere of the planet continues to thin, and the modest mountains and small seas that once attracted holiday makers have now eroded and evaporated. One person still lives on Fringjel 87, though.

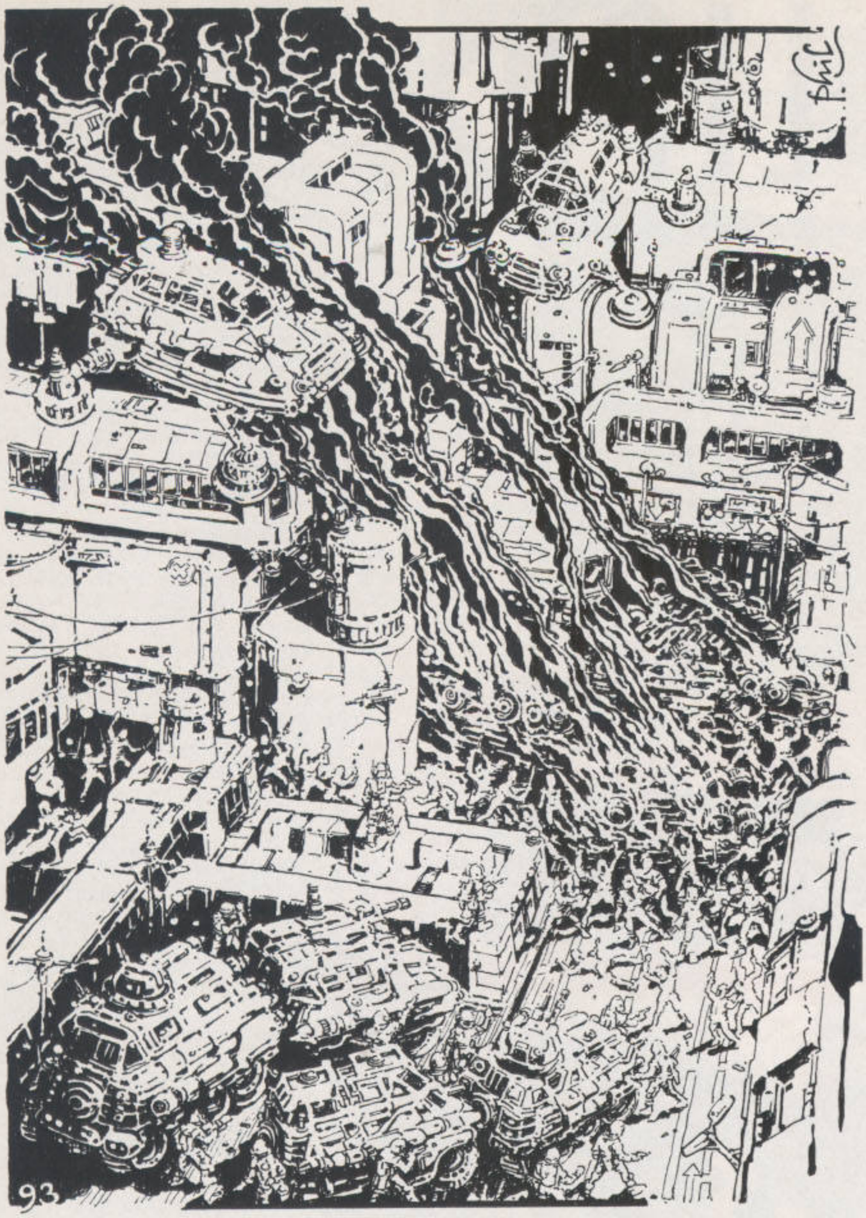
He sits cross-legged outside his house. He is naked and very old and his eyes are closed. He is covered in pink dust. It's been four years since he ate or drank or slept. He stopped breathing two months ago. But his mind is still alive, and his meditations have taken it as far out as the cloudy rim of Spyra and the gluonfalls of Cleve. This is the way he lives, shifting his consciousness apparently without effort along the forty-ninth plane as only a true Master can. And that is where the Friars of Pangloss found him, and why they selected him. He is the link with their distant domain. He is their puppet.

A small spacecraft touches down right next to him. The door opens and a pregnant woman steps out. She is carrying a gun. A teenage boy emerges after her. Both mother and son possess handsome dark eyes and full pink lips.

They walk over to him curiously. His psychic summons, disguised as a simple subspace communication so as not to alarm them, promised twenty million glatoks. That's enough to retire on, so the newcomers are suspicious and anxious.

He opens his mouth and the Friars speak, explaining the task to the listening woman. She asks how she will know the man she has to kill.





In reply, the Friars transmit a pyramid made of red crystal into the old man's hands. She takes it and back in a week's time to collect her payment. She walks back to her spacecraft.

The boy remains. He stares at the face of the old man and admits to himself that he feels scared. Then he follows his mother back to the ship, looking at the prints that his boots are making in the dust.

The ship takes off and the old man is alone again. The Friars slip from his mind but he knows they will return. They are beings so humourless and inflexible. He wonders how they have learned to bend the wills of others. What enormous evil is the foundation of their great powers?

The Supreme One finished off his breakfast of fried lizard wings and dabbed his lips clean. It was time to check the morning reports. Rows of neat black type on crisp white paper told him of the night's activities on Olleril.

The wars between the independent states were progressing nicely. If all continued to go well, the predicted rout of the peace-keeping force would occur by Tuesday at the latest. That would give the International Union the excuse to begin shelling. The conflict had to last until the end of the year. It was essential to his plans.

Vijjan mortality rates were still not nearly high enough, though. He picked up his fountain pen and made a note to authorise the release of a class C viral strain over Vijja that afternoon. The milk of the Vijjan mothers would be contaminated and the harvest poor for the third year running. He did a quick mental calculation and estimated he could kill off about four million by winter.

In Empire City, the most troublesome place on the planet, riots were causing structural damage close to the construction stores. Something was needed to keep the people calm. He chewed the end of his pen and thought. Some sick children in the news might do the trick, particularly at this time of year. He would ring Grubb at the Clarion later and ask him to send some cameras out to the hospitals on the South Side.

He closed the folder and rested his large head in the padded rest of his chair. His predecessors in the position of Supreme Leader of Luminus had left behind an obsolete method of global control that he judged costly, inefficient and irksome. Too much paperwork, he thought, and not enough strong, direct action.

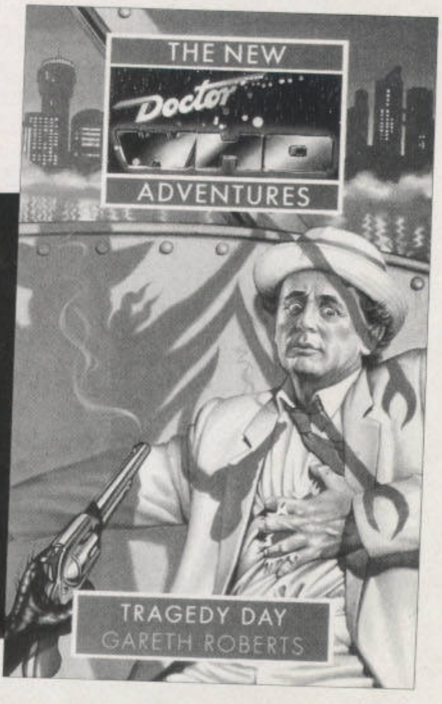
But not to worry. Things would be changing soon. He smiled. Oh yes, things on Olleril would be very different after Tragedy Day.

The battered blue police box shell of the TARDIS spun through the space/time vortex, the light on its roof-top flashing nonsensically. For the first time in many years, the erratic Doctor was not in control of his equally erratic craft. He had activated the navigation controls on a random setting, more because he fancied a surprise than for any other reason. Now he was relaxing in the TARDIS jacuzzi, scrubbing his back and playing with his rubber duck. Ace was along the corridor in her room, reading some old comics that she'd found in a cupboard. And Bernice was watching the Time-Space Visualizer and laughing her head off.

In the empty control room, a melodic electronic burble came from the console. It was as if the TARDIS was pleased that its master and his companions were friends again. Levers and switches started to move by themselves as the random co-ordinates aligned with the real world interface and the materialisation process began.

Gareth Roberts

Doctor Who –
The New Adventures:
Tragedy Day
Written by
Gareth Roberts
With a cover by
Jeff Cummins.
Published by
Virgin/*Doctor Who* Books
on
17th March 1994
at £4.99



SHELF LIFE

Craig Hinton examines some New Year *Doctor Who* goodies from the BBC and Virgin Books – and isn't entirely over the moon with them.

With the Beeb's video releases going bi-monthly, so is *Shelf Life* for the time being. (Who exactly is the Time Being?) Anyway, with two videos and three books to look at, I suppose I'd better get a move on.

Well, the Alternate Universe Cycle comes to a close with Paul Cornell's third *New Adventure, No Future* (ISBN 0426204093). Originally entitled *Anarchy in the UK*, this one takes place in 1977, when Punk was at its height and the country was preparing for the Queen's Silver Jubilee.

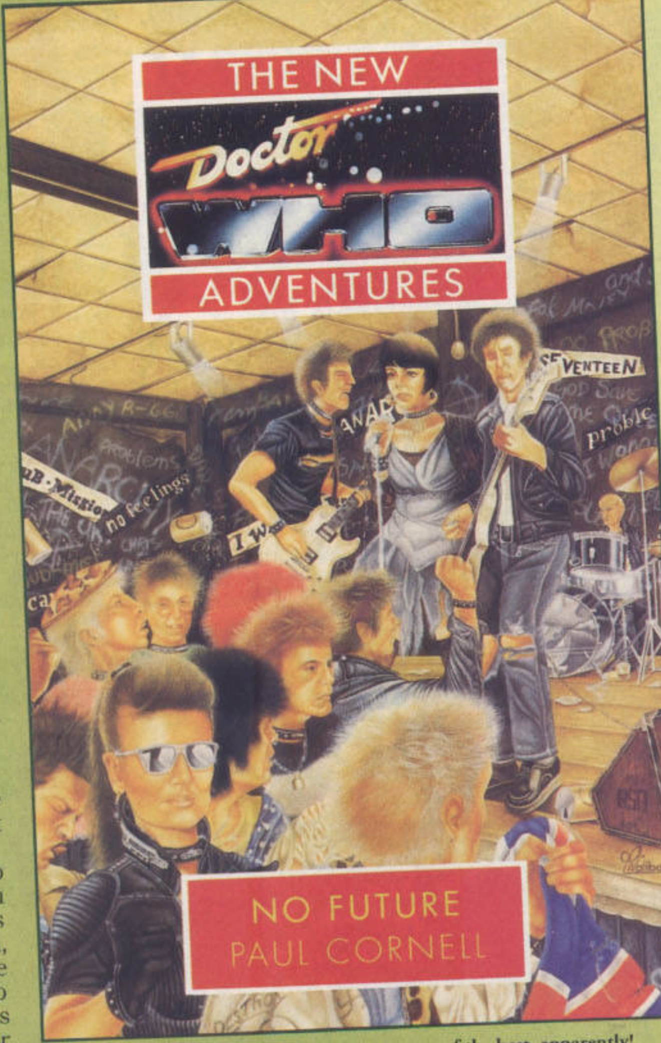
Finally deciding to go on the offensive, the Doctor has been in London for some time, the TARDIS disguised as Nelson's Column of all things. By the time the narrative begins, Benny sings in a punk band and Ace watches from a distance. Meanwhile, the Doctor has been captured by UNIT troops who are convinced that he's an extraterrestrial terrorist, and the Brigadier doesn't recognise him. The Doctor's plan to track down Danny Pain (the clue that the Master of the Land of Fiction gave him in *Conundrum*) and locate his mysterious adversary is not quite as successful as he might have hoped.

To add to the Doctor's troubles, UNIT appears to have been infiltrated by alien beings (and yes, they *are* an old enemy), and relations between the TARDIS crew are at an all-time low. So it isn't surprising that Ace falls under the spell of Robert Bertram, who isn't quite the entrepreneurial business man that he seems to be. In fact, he's yet another old enemy.

As the Doctor struggles to distinguish the good guys from the villains and Ace becomes somebody else's companion, the nemesis of the Alternate Universe Cycle prepares to execute the final stage of his plan to humiliate the Doctor and betray all he that stands for...

Sounds good, doesn't it? What a pity that it doesn't live up to expectations. After recent ground-breaking novels like *Conundrum* and *The Left-Handed Hummingbird*, Paul's once innovative style of writing – street-cred cyberpunk – now seems stale and dated, and, dare I say it, too clever by half.

Perhaps I'm being a bit harsh. *No Future* does have a lot going for it: characterisation has always been one of Paul's strengths, and this tome is no exception. Unfortunately, not many of the characters are actually people you would like to meet. Danny Pain, the punk singer who may hold the key to the invaders, is a self-centered yob. . . rather like Jan from Paul's previous novel *Love and War*. Ace is bitter, distrustful, and just plain nasty, while the Doctor is all weird and mysterious and omnipotent. And Bernice, Paul's own creation, spends most of the book being extremely sarcastic or getting drunk – in fact, exactly how she behaved in *Love and War*. And that is the biggest problem about *No Future* – we've seen it all before.



Pete Wallbank's cover for *No Future* – not one of the best, apparently!

In the thirteen books since *Love and War*, the three main characters have evolved. Ace has been a Dalek-killer, betrayed the Doctor, and then mellowed slightly. Paul's Ace is the same, screwed up teenager from two years ago, except that she has lots of guns now. All her character development seems to have gone down the pan. And as for her constant harping on about Jan. . . *Lucifer Rising* make it clear that Ace had sorted out her feelings about him – it wasn't really love, and yet we're expected to believe that she would sacrifice the Doctor for him? Perhaps the biggest repeat performance is yet another love triangle between Ace, Bernice and the current bit of rough. What is the matter with these women – oversexed or what? Aren't there enough men around?

My final gripe about *No Future* is the reappearance of a plot thread that I am now thoroughly sick and tired of it. Please, please, please, Virgin – *no more cyberspace!!!* Okay, so Paul disguises it by calling it media-space. And it is quite amusing, as characters from *The Good Life* and *The Tomorrow People* pop up. But it's self-indulgent undergraduate humour crossed with second-rate William Gibsonesque trappings, and it's been done to death.

As a book on its own, *No Future* is well-written and entertaining enough, but taken in conjunction with the other books in the series, particularly the Alternate Universe Cycle, it's a disappointment and a retrograde step. And it has the worst *New Adventures* cover ever.

Thankfully, *No Future* resolves the conflicts between the TARDIS crew, so it is a happy bunch of travellers which materializes on the planet Olleril in Gareth Roberts' latest book *Tragedy Day* (ISBN 0426204107). But not for long. The TARDIS has landed in the middle of a concentration camp, and soon Ace is swept off in a culling exercise, while the Doctor and Bernice try to discover the truth behind the strange civilisation on Olleril and the festival of Tragedy Day, a dark and twisted version of our very own *Children in Need.*

Unfortunately for the Doctor, Olleril is focus of attention from two quite different, but both extremely dangerous, forces. While the secret society of Luminus, led by the sinister Supreme One, prepares to make Tragedy Day a day to remember, the ancient and evil Friars of Pangloss are determined to retrieve a certain red crystal that they need to sustain their unholy empire. A red crystal stolen by a crotchety old man in a blue police box...

Gareth's previous novel, *The Highest Science*, still stands as one of the best *New Adventures* books ever written, with a uniquely cynical and satirical vein of humour. So how does *Tragedy Day* compare? *Tragedy Day* is a *Doctor Who* story. A proper *Doctor Who* story which, with an unlimited budget, could easily be translated to the screen. Compare that with the psychological horror of *The Left-Handed Hummingbird*, or the dark world of *Transit*. I'm not condemning either of these books but I just feel that *Tragedy Day* will appeal to those who claim that Virgin's line has deviated from the television series. Indeed, for the first time in ages the TARDIS actually lands at random! The plot is complex but rewarding, as the various factions come together in a most satisfying way.

The book is packed with rich characterisation, from the robot husband and wife television presenters (guess who they're based on?) to the pretty-boy pop group Fancy That, taking in a hard-bitten female mercenary who should *not* be a role model for Ace, and an archetypal luvvy. Another first is the sympathetic treatment of a gay character. The only other gay people in the *New Adventures* have been sordid rent-boys, dominatrix lesbians, or deeply unhappy people who die of AIDS. Forgwyn is a well-balanced young man who just happens to be gay.

Although *Tragedy Day* contains some deeply funny moments, the subject matter is quite disturbing. Olleril is a twisted version of Britain – but the truly frightening thing is that it isn't *too* twisted. The rich salve their consciences once a year on Tragedy Day; justice is meted out by the thugs and the right-wing organisations; the government has become Kilroy-Silk's talk show.

If I have one complaint about this book, it's that it seems rushed, which apparently it was. The deadline Gareth was given to write this was tight, and it shows. Everything required is there, but it lacks fine-tuning: the book needs tightening up, the plot threads need drawing in, and a good polish is required. *Tragedy Day* could have been superior to *The Highest Science*, but it isn't. Still, all the elements are there and it's a very good read – and especially worth it for the Argos joke.

For years, fans have been writing short stories. *Cosmic Masque*, for example, is the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society's fiction magazine, and a number of *New Adventures* authors can be found within its pages. *Decalog* is Virgin's answer, nine stories and one umbrella tale, edited by Mark Stammers and Stephen James Walker, and featuring Jim Mortimore, Andy Lane and Marc Platt amongst its writers.

Rather than a straightforward collection, *Decalog* has an overall theme, as an amnesiac Doctor, trapped in 1947 Los Angeles, uses a psychic to examine the objects in his pockets. And every object tells a story.

My favourites amongst the collection just have to be *The Duke of Dominoes* by Marc Platt and *The Book of Shadows* by Jim Mortimore. *The Duke of Dominoes* is notable because it isn't a Doctor story – the main character is the Master. Set in Thirties Chicago, we see the Master down on his luck, his TARDIS AWOL and his grand plans for universal domination going to pot. Marc has written a stunning account of the Doctor's arch-enemy – so much so, that I can't wait for the first *Missing Adventure* to feature Delgado's portrayal. So skillful is the characterisation that you actually feel sorry for the Master, as he finds himself betrayed by those he would have discarded without a moment's hesitation.

The Book of Shadows is a fascinating tale of time loops and alien intervention in Ancient Greece. Featuring the First Doctor and Barbara, the Doctor's role is almost secondary to the school-teacher's, as she discovers that an older version of herself is actually the Queen. Someone has been tampering with time, but what are the consequences of setting things to rights? Jim touches on some of the morality issues that made *Blood Heat* so thought-provoking, and Barbara's choice at the climax adds a whole new dimension to the character.

The final story of note is Vanessa Bishop's *The Straw That Broke the Camel's Back*, a Third Doctor story set during Season Seven. Forget the cosy UNIT family: this is the hard-edged reality of a secret intelligence organisation, and a Brigadier beginning to wonder exactly what the Doctor's true motives are. When an extraterrestrial crashes in the English countryside, the Doctor tries to act before UNIT barges in. But the Brigadier has other ideas. Endowed with the same feeling of despair that marked *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, Vanessa's story is easily the most moving in the collection.

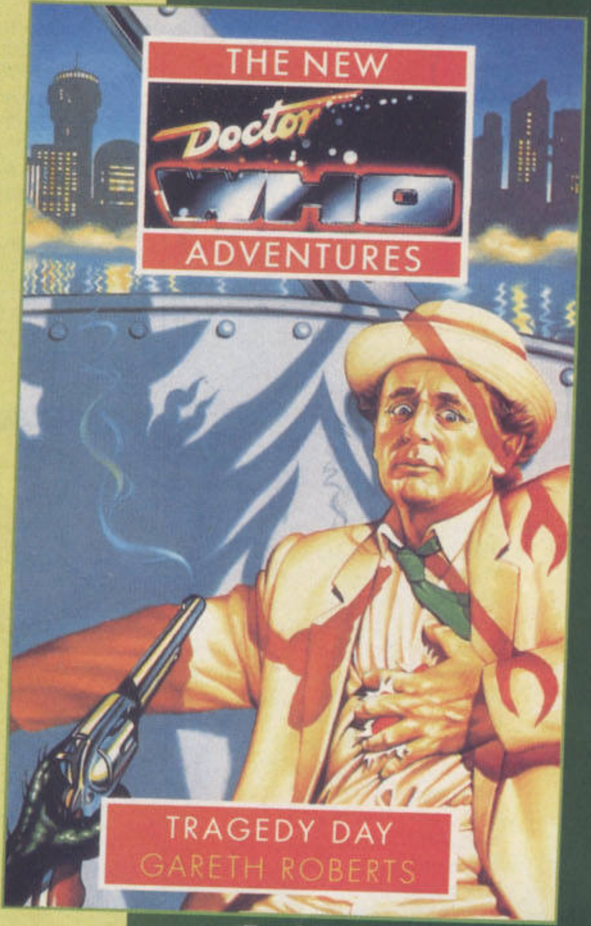
Overall, however, I don't get a warm feeling from this book. The framing story (Stephen James Walker's *Playback*) is cliched and insipid, and some of the others are less than impressive. David J Howe's *Fascination* shows a complete inability to grasp the character of the Fifth Doctor, and, even more surprisingly, Peri. I don't recall Miss Brown being an alcoholic nympho, but that's how she appears in this one. And I ought to comment on Paul Cornell's *Lackaday Express*, but I think I've been nasty enough to him this issue already.

Decalog is worth reading purely for the stories I have drawn attention to. But the Howe-Stammers-Walker triumvirate produce exceptional non-fiction *Doctor Who* books, and I think they should stick to those. More short stories, by all means, but perhaps some different editors?

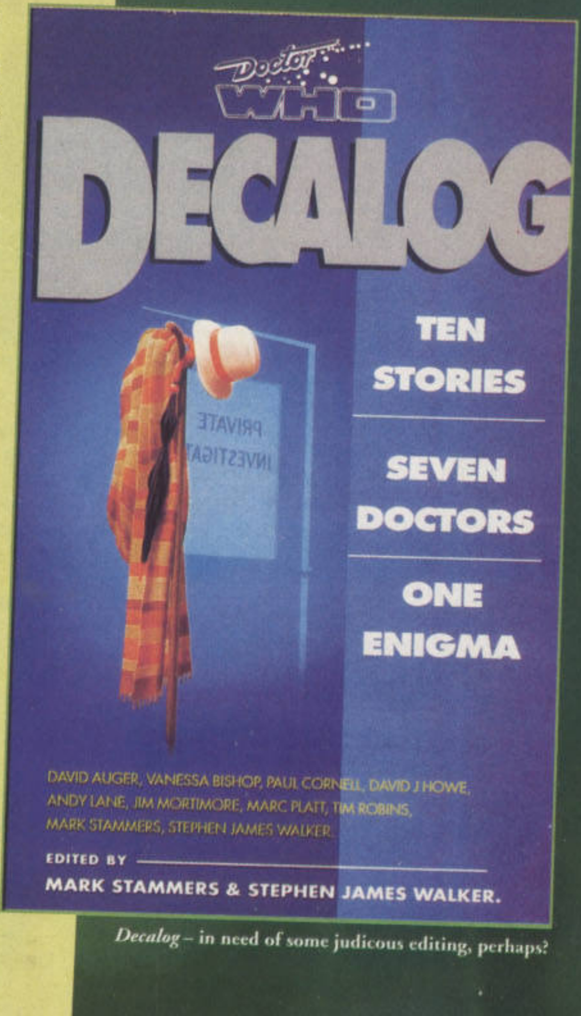
VIDEO VIEWS

Season Twenty was announced as the one in which every story contained something or someone from the Doctor's past, and it kicked off with Johnny Byrne's *Arc of Infinity*.

As an extra-dimensional force attempts to penetrate the TARDIS, two back-packers find that there is more to Amsterdam than tulips. And on Gallifrey



Tragedy Day – anything but, however!


Doctor Who
DECALOG
TEN STORIES
SEVEN DOCTORS
ONE ENIGMA
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
DAVID AUGER, VANESSA BISHOP, PAUL CORNELL, DAVID J HOWE, ANDY LANE, JIM MORTIMORE, MARC PLATT, TIM ROBINS, MARK STAMMERS, STEPHEN JAMES WALKER.
EDITED BY
MARK STAMMERS & STEPHEN JAMES WALKER.

Decalog – in need of some judicous editing, perhaps?

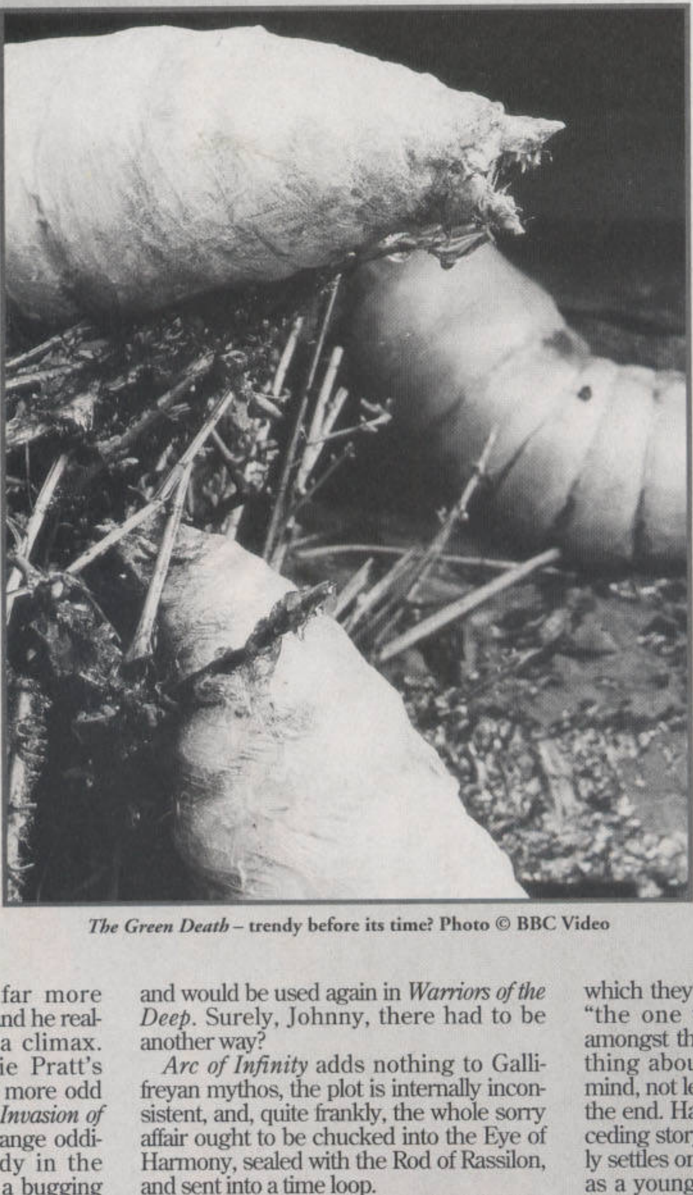
planet of the Time Lords, something is trying to gain access to the Matrix. Recalled to the Capitol, the Doctor finds himself under sentence of death from a panicked High Council, while a certain unemployed air-hostess investigates the disappearance of her cousin in Holland. And the key to all of this? A figure with one hell of a grudge against the Time Lords, someone who is prepared to endanger the lives of billions just so that he can live a little.

Gallifrey: wow! The return of Omega: fantastic! Tegan didn't leave after all: thank goodness for that! Well, that's the theory, what a pity that the entire affair turned out to be such a pile of bilge. Intriguingly, the acting is of the highest calibre (except for Andrew Boxer's dismal Robin): old troopers such as Leonard Sachs and Michael Gough give sterling performances, while Colin Baker's Maxil is chillingly sadistic. Davison gives his standard Doctor – all breathless enthusiasm and noble self-sacrifice – while Nyssa is. . . well, just Nyssa actually. The greatest surprise is Tegan. Getting Janet Fielding out of that ridiculous uniform was the best thing that could happen. Somehow, it seems to have revitalised the character, and Tegan just gets better and better from now on. And special praise for Ian Collier: although his Omega lacks the grandeur of Stephen Thorne's portrayal in *The Three Doctors*, he conveys the desperation and impotence of Omega perfectly.

So, if most of the actors lived up to expectations. What turned *Arc of Infinity* into such a farrago? Was it the direction? Despite Nyssa's attempts – and success – in hiding from the Chancellery Guards behind a sheet of glass, Ron Jones turns in a workmanlike job. The final chase sequence is breakneck and compelling with some wonderfully moving moments, and shows far more panache than the studio work, and he really knows how to build up a climax. Perhaps designer Marjorie Pratt's Gallifrey is a little odd, but no more odd than the Habitat Capitol of *The Invasion of Time*. No, apart from a few strange oddities – a pregnant Time Lady in the Gallifreyan coffee lounge, and a bugging device the size of a cricket ball – the faults in this story can be firmly laid at the hands of Johnny Byrne. I'm afraid that the plot is utter drivel.

Are we really supposed to believe that Omega needs to locate his TARDIS in Amsterdam to take advantage of its being below sea level? And why does Omega need to bond with the Doctor, of all people? Revenge, or plot device? The storyline has more holes than Tegan's lace bodice. What has happened to the Time Lords to make them such a blood-thirsty lot, demanding the Doctor's execution the moment he sets foot in the Capitol? Have their interior designers driven them mad?

Overlooking the fact that the Time Lords are quite willing to imprison the Doctor in his own TARDIS – do any of us really think that he couldn't have found a way out? – and the wonderful dematerialisation circuit has been replaced by a space-time element, people seem to be able to run around Gallifrey, finding secret rooms to conspire in and nick information from the Matrix on a whim. And the "its too late, villain of the week has control over the prize of the week" climax to Part Three was used in *The Keeper of Traken* and would be used again in *Warriors of the Deep*. Surely, Johnny, there had to be another way?



The Green Death – trendy before its time? Photo © BBC Video

Arc of Infinity adds nothing to Gallifreyan mythos, the plot is internally inconsistent, and, quite frankly, the whole sorry affair ought to be chucked into the Eye of Harmony, sealed with the Rod of Rassilon, and sent into a time loop.

Meanwhile. . . as the Doctor is nicking a blue crystal from the planet Metabelis Three (he seems to do a lot of crystal-stealing, doesn't he?), people are turning green down mine shafts. And that nice Global Chemicals company is promising Wales untold wealth and prosperity, whilst it carelessly pumps polymer pollutants into places where little maggots can pig out. Yes, the other video release in March is *The Green Death*, a title that can now be seen as viciously ironic.

Returning from Metabelis Three, the Doctor follows Jo and the Brigadier to Wales. But while the Brigadier has been drafted in to help out poor old Global Chemicals, Jo has joined the Nut-hutch Community, led by the charismatic Cliff Jones. The Doctor finds himself stuck in the middle. . . until he and Jo discover a nest of giant maggots breeding underground, and a green poison that infects on contact.

Doctor Who was going through its moral phase during Season Ten – the horrors of war, racism – and *The Green Death* tops the lot. A "green" story before the term had been coined, the first few episodes concentrate on the unfolding discovery that Global Chemicals isn't quite the philanthropic organisation that Justin Stevens would like us to believe. As ecological horrors creep out of the coal-face, the viewer is firmly on the side of Doctor Jones and his right-on friends. But then the story seems to lose its way. Why was BOSS – yet another belligerent supercomputer – brought in? There really isn't any need. Perhaps it was because the giant maggots aren't really a foe that Pertwee's Doctor can take the moral high ground against. Still, BOSS – his plummy tones magnificently rendered by John Dearth – is quite fun, I suppose.

Everyone acts their socks off in this one, from Talfryn Thomas's sweet little miner to Stewart Bevan's driven Professor Jones, taking in the smarmy portrayal of Stevens by Jerome Willis. Perhaps the story is an episode too long, and that giant fly does leave a lot to be desired. And the special effects are a little. . . obvious, with quite dreadful CSO. But *The Green Death* seems to be one of those stories that people – fans and non-fans alike – remember. Ask anyone over thirty about those *Doctor Who* stories which they remember, and I bet you that "the one with the maggots" will be amongst the top five. There is just something about this one that sticks in the mind, not least of which is that Jo leaves at the end. Having rebuffed Latep in the preceding story, *Planet of the Daleks*, she finally settles on a character that she describes as a younger version of the Doctor. . . I think that we'd better gloss over that, in case we contravene the "no hanky-panky in the TARDIS" rule. The Doctor's departure – "the fledgling flies the coop" – is one of the most tear-jerking moments in the series' history, and actually marks the end of an era. Season Eleven is almost an interim season, as the UNIT family disintegrates and the Doctor prepares for his undergraduate phase. *The Green Death* is an extremely enjoyable six episodes: classic Pertwee, the UNIT family, and the brilliant line, "I'm up on the slag heap with the professor.' Buy it – you'll thank me.

THE HIGH COUNCIL

Presided over by Paul Cornell

On Gallifrey, the Matrix Data Bank is the repository of all knowledge, but when something has to be argued over, it's the job of the High Council. It's similar here at Doctor Who Magazine. Queries for which there is a factual answer are handled by Andrew Pixley in his column, but those nebulous issues that are a matter of opinion will be thrashed out here. As of now, you are a member of the High Council. If you'd like to pose any query about *Doctor Who* that doesn't have a definite answer, this is the place to do it. However, unlike *Matrix Data Bank*, this column doesn't have a resident expert – the only people answering the questions will be you, the readers. Therefore, we're after your answers as well as questions. If you don't agree with an answer, write and tell us why, and offer your own explanation. The best questions and answers will be published.

To get us underway, here's a query from Jon Preddle of Hamilton in New Zealand:
Why does the Doctor seem to think of himself as Doctor Who? For instance, in *The Underwater Menace* he signs a letter as Doctor W and in *The War Machines*, the all-powerful computer WOTAN refers to him as Doctor Who. Is that what he's really called?

No, he isn't. All the references to "Who" in the show have been jokes. When, in The Gunfighters, *the Doctor replies to the question "Doctor who?" with "precisely" he's being ironic about his mysterious nature. Even his identity as Doctor von Wer (Who) in* The Highlanders *is an allusion to the name being a false one. As for WOTAN, it's a machine and machines make mistakes!*

Yes he is. We know he's called Doctor . . . something, because in The Trial of a Time Lord: The Mysterious Planet, *he's about to give a second name when he's interrupted. K9, in* K9 and Company, *thinks of him as Doctor Who. Another faulty machine? Besides, until Season Nineteen, the character was called Doctor Who in the cast lists. And what about that episode of* The Chase *called* The Death of Doctor Who*?*

Why do the Sontarans, a species of identical clones, need videophones (as seen in *The Sontaran Experiment*)? Surely they know exactly who they are going to see asks Tat Wood of Ilford in Essex.

Because it's not just the Sontaran speaking that needs to be seen. As a military species, the creatures need to display maps and plans, which couldn't easily be done via audio-only.

So that the Sontaran on the screen can see if anybody's sneaking up behind the other one and shout "it's behind you!"

Sally Geary of Godalming in Surrey wonders when is a companion not a companion? For instance Herbert Wells has made a similar number of trips in the TARDIS as Katarina, but he doesn't appear in a list of companions and she does. What qualifies somebody for companionship?

Isn't it the desire or likelihood to stay in the TARDIS for more than one adventure? The Daleks' Master Plan *is constructed as a series of smaller adventures, and Sara Kingdom qualifies on this basis. Besides, it's a question of how characters are represented in the press at the time, and Sara was certainly publicised as a companion. Herbert never gained this lofty status.*

Like a lot of things about the series, the "list of companions" is a damaging tradition that has built up to the detriment of imagination and creativity. For instance, why the Doctor (particularly in The New Adventures*) should show so much grief over the deaths of Katarina and Sara Kingdom when he's seen so many violent deaths is beyond me. It's just that, being "companions", authors assume that they're somehow special. I mean, how about Hugo from* The Twin Dilemma *as a "companion"?*

In Jim Mortimore's *New Adventure, Bloodheat*, the Doctor loses his original TARDIS in a tar pit and leaves in the TARDIS that the dead Third Doctor has abandoned. How could he have done this considering that the Third Doctor was exiled to Earth at the time, his TARDIS without a dematerialisation circuit, asks Jake Hedges of Manchester.

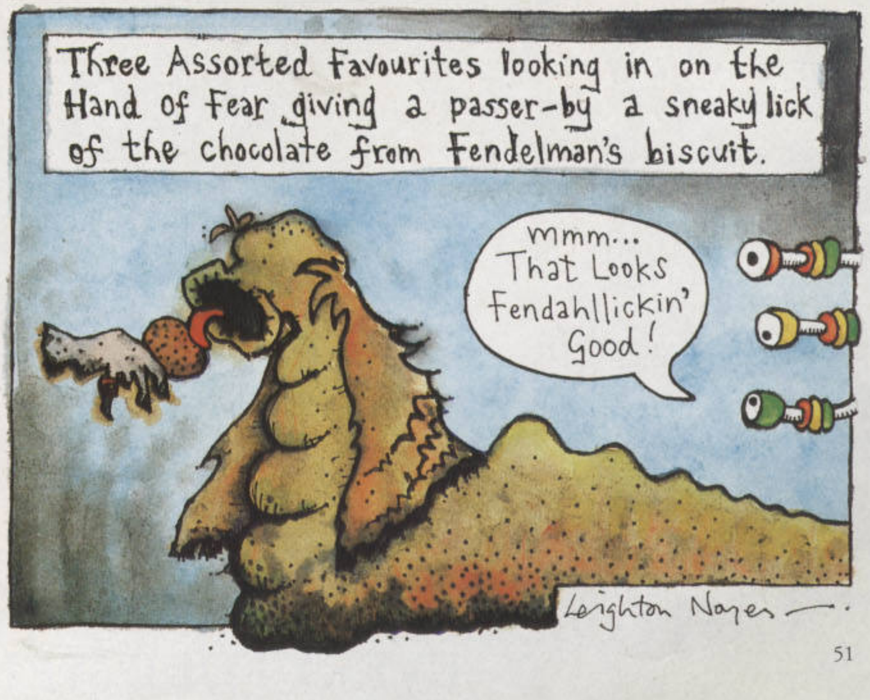
In *The Chase*, Ian sings along to the Beatles' *Ticket to Ride*, a record released in 1965. How is this possible, as he left Earth in 1963, wonders Antony Dexter of Cardiff.

Who is better at chess? K9, the Doctor or Fenric? wonders Gareth Roberts of Winchester.

Rupert Dawes of Scunthorpe believes that there is a point of view which has it that the Valeyard's re-appearance at the very end of *The Trial of a Time Lord* suggests that all the events afterwards are still Matrix projections. In other words, the Doctor is still in the Matrix. Can anybody offer any evidence either way?

Send your questions and answers to: The High Council, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX.
We are sorry that no individual correspondence can be entered into.

DOCTOR OHO by Leighton Noyes


Three Assorted Favourites looking in on the Hand of Fear giving a passer-by a sneaky lick of the chocolate from Fendelman's biscuit.
mmm... That Looks Fendahllickin' Good!
Leighton Noyes

60's 70's 80's 90's

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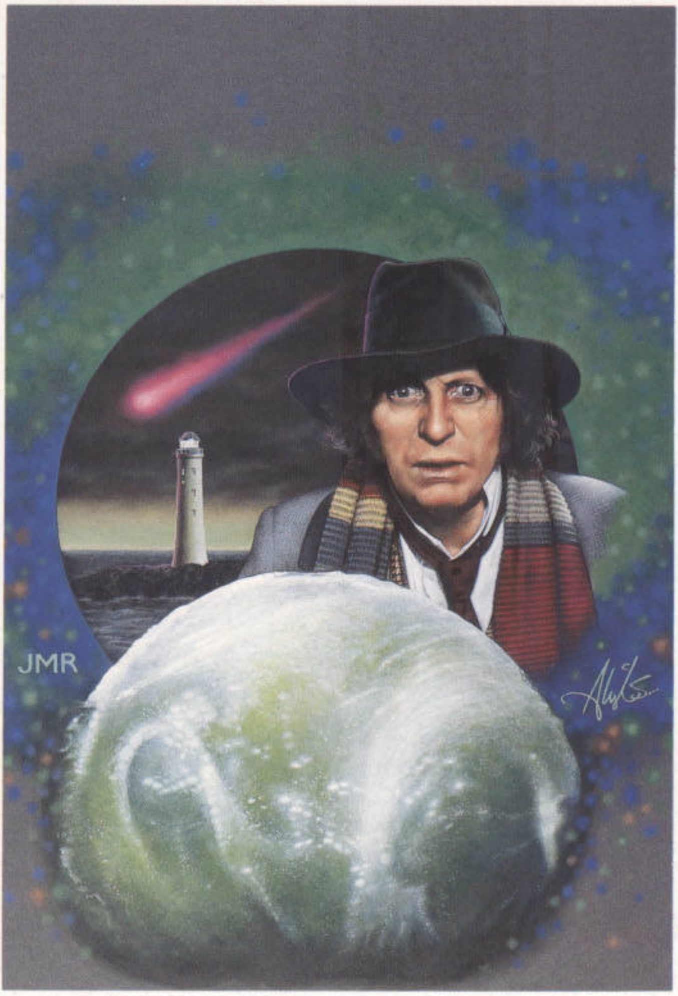
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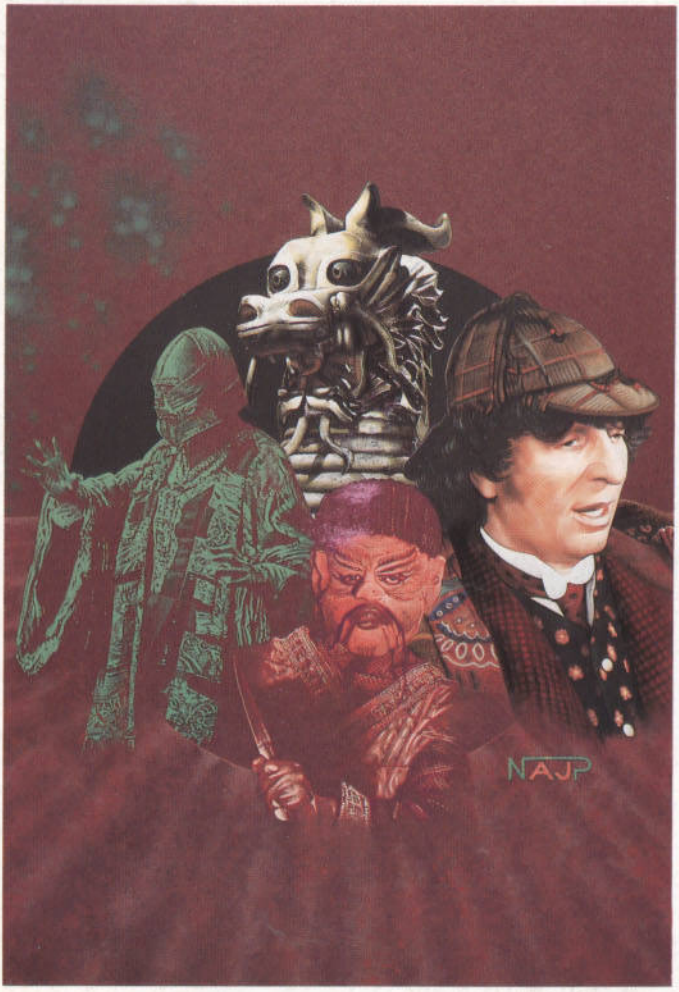
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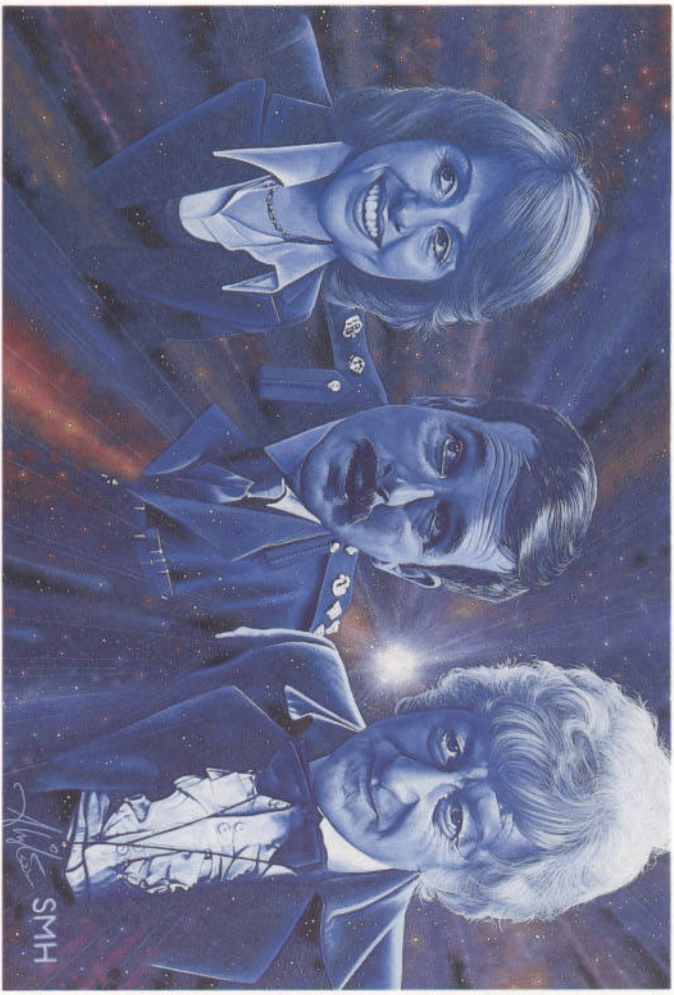
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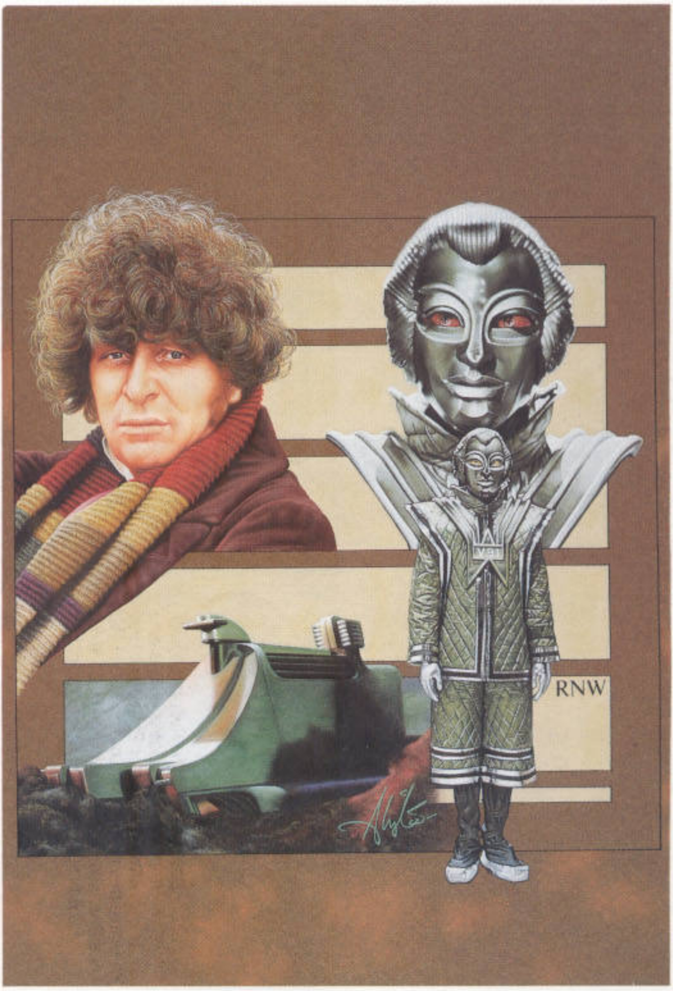
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